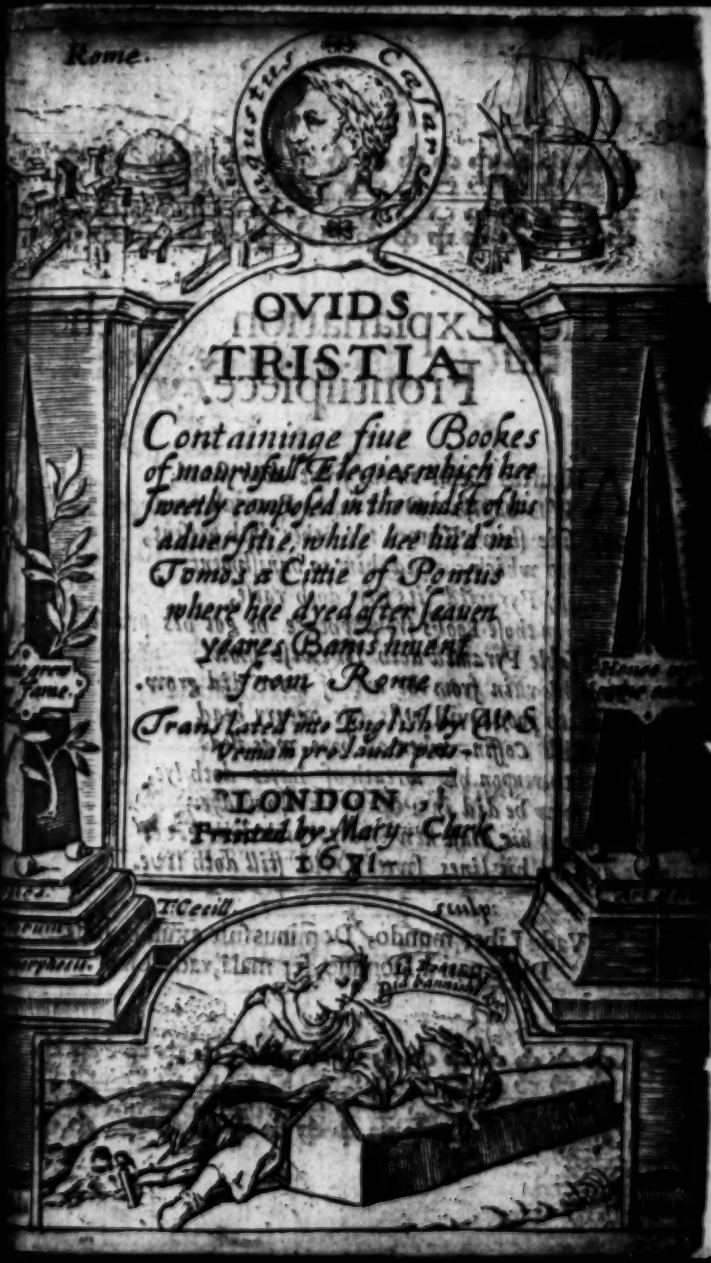
Rome.
Augustus Cæsar
OVIDS
TRISTIA
Containinge fiue Bookes
of mournfull Elegies which hee
sweetly composed in the midst of his
aduersitie, while hee liu'd in
Tomos a Cittie of Pontus
where hee dyed after seauen
yeares Banishment
from Rome.
Translated into English by W. S.
Vemam pro laude peto.
LONDON,
Printed by Mary Clark
1681
T. Cecill sculp:

11355.a 16

K Ovidius Naso (P.)


Rome.
Augustus Cæsar
OVIDS
TRISTIA
Containinge fiue Bookes
of mournfull Elegies which hee
sweetly composed in the midst of his
aduersitie, while hee liu'd in
Tomos a Cittie of Pontus
where hee dyed after seauen
yeares Banishment
from Rome
Translated into English by W. S.
Veniam pro laude peto.
LONDON,
Printed by Mary Clark
1671
T. Cecill sculp:

The Explanation of the Frontiſpiece.

BRITISH MUSEUM

AUguſtus Cæſar *in the front doth ſtand,*
Who baniſh'd Ovid *to the* Pontick *land.*
One ſide ſhews Rome, *the other doth preſent,*
The ſhip which carryed him to baniſhment.
A happy Pyramid 'its ſelf doth raiſe,
Built on thoſe Books from whence he got his praiſe,
The ſable Pyramid doth likewiſe ſhow,
That his ruin from the art of Love *did grow.*
Beneath poor Ovid *reſts his weary head*
Upon his Coffin, when all hope was fled.
And thereupon his wreath of Bayes doth lye,
To ſhew he did in Pontus *baniſh'd dye.*
But yet his Muſe new life to him doth give,
And by his lines ſweet Ovid *ſtill doth live.*

Vade Liber mundo, Dominus fuit exul, & inde
Diſce pati à Domino, ſer mala, vade Liber.

Griffith OVID's Boyndon

TRISTIA,

CONTAINING

Five Books of mournful

ELEGIES.

Which he ſweetly compoſed in the midſt of his Adverſity, while he liv'd in *Tomos* a City of *PONTUS.*

Where he died after Seven Years Baniſhment from *ROME.*

Tranſlated into *Engliſh* by *W.S.*

Veniam pro laude peto.—

The fifth Edition, Corrected.

LONDON, Printed by *Mary Clarke.*

OVID's
TRISTIA,

CONTAINING

Five Books of mournful

ELEGIES.

Which he sweetly composed in the midst of his Adversity, while he liv'd in *Tomos* a City of *PONTUS*.

Where he dies after Seven Years Banishment from ROME.

Translated into *English* by W. S.

Veniam pro laude peto.

The fifth Edition, Corrected.

LONDON, Printed by *Mary Clarke*.

TO THE

Honourable, and worthy of Honour by Desert,

Sr. *Kenelme Digby* Kt.

SIR.

YOur generous mind framed by nature to vertue and vertuous actions, is so well known to Souldiers and Scholars, that as *Mars* gives you Bayes, so the *Muses* do give you Books. The consideration whereof hath emboldned me (though a stranger) to offer to your protection this translation of *Ovids* Elegys, who I think was even rocked in his cradle by the Muses and fed with sugar and *Heliconian* water, which made him have so sweet a vein of Poetry. So that the name of *Ovid* is a sufficient commendation for any work of his, if my *English* can but

Quis ergo generosius? Ad virtutem hinc à natura compositus. Sen. l. 5. p. 44.

like

like the Eccho send back the soft Musick of his lines. And indeed if he write best of love that hath been in love; and that there is a certain ἐνέργεια or efficacy in his words that feels the affection; I doubt not but my own sorrow hath learn'd me how to translate *Ovids* sorrow. For I confess I was never in Fortunes books, and therefore am not much indebted to her, neither do I care for her frowns; but I am grieved for one who is my brother in misfortune, who is *exul in Patria*, being enforced to let that skill and experience which he hath gotten abroad in Marine affairs, and which hath been approved of both by the *English* and *Dutch* Nations in several long voyages, lie dead in him for want of employment, which is the life of practical knowledge: And though he must be compelled by his present fates to accept of the imployment of foraign Nations, yet if a way might be opened unto him he is more willing (as he is bound by duty) to serve his native King and Country, which desire of his I know

know your generous diſpoſition cannnot but cheriſh, and approve of my love towards him. This book *Ovid.* ſent to the City of *Rome*, as appears by the firſt verſe, *Parve nec invideo &c.* and I am now to ſend it forth into a City abounding with *Criticks*, and therefore it deſires your worthy patronage and defence; for which (if *Ovid* lived) he would make his fluent Muſe expreſs his thankfulneſs: But I for any favour which you ſhall ſhew unto this tranſlation, muſt acknowledge my ſelf bound unto your vertue, which I wiſh may ſhine forth in proſperous actions, until your fame be equal to *Cæſars*, who baniſhed *Ovid.*

The ſervant of your

Vertues,

W. SALTONSTALL.

TO

To the Reader.

IT is now grown a common custome to seek thy good will by an Epistle, and therein to move thy affection to be favourable to the present work, wherein I need not bestow any great pains, for this is a translation of Ovids last book which he writ in banishment, and therefore if you would set before your eyes the present estate whercin he then lived, it would exceedingly move your pitty towards him. Imagine that you saw Ovid in the Land of Pontus, where he whose company was so much desired, was now baniſh'd from all company; he that was once the Darling of the Muses, now made the Subject of misery; he that drank choice wines, now drinks ſtring water; he that wore a wreath of Bayes, now wears a wreath of Cypreſs; and to conclude, he that was once so famous, was now as much unfortunate, and all this was most unworthily inflicted on him for some offence committed against Cæsar, and also for writing that unhappy Book which he called the Art of Love; for those two he accuses as the causers of his baniſhment; during which time he writ this last Book, entituling it his Triſtium, because it contained his sorrow:

And

And lastly consider, that after he had written this book, having divers times sought to be repealed from banishment; and despairing of any mercy from Cæsar, *he at last dyed, in the seventh year of his Banishment from* Rome; *the Muses, together with* Venus *and a hundred little* Cupids *being mourners at his Funeral. If therefore you ever loved the sweetness of* Ovids *veine, or if the consideration of his sufferance in banishment, his want, his grief, his afflictions, and lastly his death in a barbarous Land, can move your pitty and compassion, I doubt not but you will shew much love and affection to these Elegies, even for* Ovids *sake, whose compositions were so sweet and fluent, that his verses did run like a smooth stream fed by the spring of the Muses, so that he could hardly speak but in the manner of a verse, for so he testifies of himself:* Quicquid conabor dicere versus erit. *Now for my self, I have put these Elegies of* Ovids *into an English mourning habit, with a frontispiece to give thee a clear view of* Ovids *misery, and to make thy heart more apt to receive a deeper impression of his sorrow, that seeing how unworthily he was dealt withal, thou mayst both pitty* Ovid, *and love this work of his, which is all desire.*

Thine

W. S.

Angelus

Angelus Politianus his Epigram on the baniſhment and death of *Ovid.*

THe *Roman* Poet lies in the *Euxine* ſhore,
And barbarous earth the Poet covers o're
Him that did write of love, that land doth hide,
Through which the *Iſters* colder ſtreams do glide.
And were it not a ſhame to be (O *Rome*)
More cruel than the *Getes* to ſuch a ſon?
Oh Muſes while he ſick in *Scythia* lay,
Who was there that his ſickneſs could allay?
Or keep his cold limbs in the bed by force,
Or paſs away the day with ſome diſcourſe?
Or that could feel his pulſe when it did beat,
Or apply to him warm things to cheriſh heat?
Or cloſe his eyes, even ſwimming round with death;
And at his mouth receive his lateſt breath?
There were none, for his ancient friends then were
In thee O *Rome* from *Pontus* diſtant far.
His Wife and Nephews were far off together,
His Daughter went not with her baniſh'd Father.
The *Beſſi* and *Coralli* were in theſe parts,
And the skin-wearing *Getes* with ſtony hearts.
The *Sarmate* riding on his horſe was there,
To comfort him with looks that dreadful were.
Yet when he was dead, the *Beſſi* wept, the *Gete*,
And ſtout *Sarmatians* did their faces beat.
Woods, mountains, beaſts, a mourning day did keep,
And *Iſters* pearly ſtreams they ſay did weep.

Some

Some ſay that frozen *Pontus* did begin
To melt, with tears that Sea-Nimphs ſhed for him:
Light *Cupids* with their mother *Venus* ran,
And with torches ſet the funeral pile on flame:
And while his body did conſume and burn,
They put his aſhes in a cloſed Urn:
And on his tomb-ſtone theſe words graven were,
He that did teach the art of Love lies here.
Then *Venus* with her white hand did bedew
His grave, whilſt ſhe ſweet Nectar on him threw.
The Muſes brought their Poet many a verſe,
Which I am far unworthy to rehearſe.

Julius Scaliger's Verſes on *Ovid*, wherein he maketh *Ovid* ſpeak to *Auguſtus*.

I Would thy cruelty had in me begun,
Nor by murders ſteps to ruin me hadſt come.
If my wanton youth did move thy diſcontent,
Thou mayſt condemn thy ſelf to baniſhment.
For ſuch foul deeds thy private rooms do ſtain,
That men condemned ne're did act the ſame.
Could not my wit, nor gentleneſs thee reſtrain,
Nor ſweet tongue, ſecond to *Apollo's* Vein?
My ſtrain hath made the ancient Poets ſoft,
And to the new the weight of things hath taught.
I then did lie when as I praiſed thee,
For this my baniſhment was deſerv'd by me.

Umbra Ovidii,
OR
Ovids Ghoſt.

WHen I did live I got the wreath of Bayes,
From other Poets in my younger dayes:

And soon my fame through all the world was known,
While Ovid *only was esteemd at* Rome.
But then at last as I did raise my fame
By verse, so from my verse my ruine came
By an error I great Cæsar's *wrath did move.*
And thin by writing of the Art of Love :
For which two faults by Cæsar *I was sent*
To the Pontick *land to live in banishment.*
I endeavour'd still to be repeal'd from hence,
But Cæsar *would not pardon my offence.*
Thus seven years I in banishment did spend,
Until by death my sorrows had an end.
And then my soul to Caron's *boat did go,*
Who unto Ovid *did much kindness show:*
And row'd me straight to the Elesian *fields,*
Which unto happy souls such pleasure yields ;
Where now I live, and every day converse
With ghosts of Lovers who my lines rehearse ;
And for my sake sweet Garlands they compose,
Of Lillies mingled with the crimson Rose :
Which they do give me thereby to explain,
How lovers once did love sweet Ovids *vein,*
And now at last it joys my ghost to see,
The world doth still preserve my memory :
And that my sorrows they translated have,
And have not buried them within my grave,
For which my ghost unto the world give thanks,
In these words writ on the Elysian *banks.*

Elegies themselves as much indebted know
To us, as *Hroicks* did to *Virgil* owe.

17 JY 60

ELEGIE I.

In this Elegie at large
Ovid *gives his book a charge,*
To see Rome, *and gives direction.*
How with time to varie action.

MY little Book the City thou shalt see, (thee
Woe's me, thy Master may not go with
Go, but undrest, and seeing thou art mine,
Put on a habit like unto the time.
Be not clothed with the *Hyacinths* purple juyce,
Such colours are in mourning out of use.
Paint not thy Title with Vermillion dye,
To draw unto thee every gazing eye.
No oyl of Ceder to thy leaves allow;
Nor wear white corners on thy sable brow:
Such Ornaments may happy books invest,
But be thou like unto my fortune drest:
Thy forehead with no pumice stone make fair,
But come thou forth with lose and ragged hair.
Nor shame those blots which on thy face appears;
For some may think they were made with my tears.
Go book, salute the City in my name,
For on thy Feet I will go back again;
And if by chance among the common crew,
Some mindful of me ask thee how I do?
Return this answer, tell them that I live,
And that my God this life doth freely give.
But if they more do seek, then silent be,
And speak not that should not be read in thee.

Then the angry Reader will repeat my fault,
While by the people I am guilty thought,
Defend me not, though they my fault repeat,
An ill cause by defence is made more great.
Some thou shalt find will sigh, cause I am gone,
And read these verses with wet cheeks alone,
Who often wishes *Cæsar* would but please,
Some lighter punishment might his wrath appease.
And I do pray he may ne're wretched be,
That wishes *Cæsar* should thus pity me.
But may his wishes come to pass, that I
At last may in my native Country die.
But Book, I know, thou shalt receive much blame,
And be thought inferiour unto *Ovid*'s vein:
Yet every Judge the time and matter weighs;
The time considered, thou deservest praise.
Smooth verses from a quiet mind do flow,
My rhimes are over-cast with sudden woe.
Verses require much leasure and sweet ease,
But I am tost by winds and angry seas.
Verses were never made in fear, while I
Do look each minute by the sword to die.
So that an equal Judge may well approve
These lines of mine, and read them with much love.
Had *Homer* been distress'd so many ways,
It would his sharp discerning wit amaze.
Then Book be careless of all idle fame,
For to displease thy Reader, is no shame,
Since fortune hath not so kind to me been,
That thou their idle praise should so esteem.
When I was happy, I did covet fame,
And had a great desire to get a name;
But now both verse and study I do hate,
Since they have brought me to this banisht state.
Yet go my book, thee in my place I assigne,
And would to God, I could not call thee mine.

Though

Though as a ſtranger thou doſt come to *Rome*,
Thou canſt not to the people come unknown:
Hadſt thou no title, yet thy ſable hew,
If thou deny me, will thy Author ſhew:
Yet enter ſecretly, leſt ſome diſdain
My verſe, which is not now eſteem'd by fame.
And if by chance ſome when they hear me nam'd,
Do caſt thee by, out of their ſcornful hand,
Tell them that I do teach no Rules of Love,
That work was long ſince puniſh'd from above;
Perhaps thou doſt imagine thou art ſent,
To *Cæſar's* Court, which is not my intent:
Aſpire not thou unto thoſe ſeats divine,
From whence the thunder did on me decline.
Though once the Gods more favourable were,
Yet now their juſt deſerved wrath I fear.
The fearful Dove once ſtruck, ſtill after ſprings,
When ſhe doth hear the Hawks large ſpreading wings:
And from the fold the Lamb dare never ſtray,
That from the Wolf hath gotten once away.
Nor would young *Phaeton* deſire to drive
His Fathers Steeds, if he were now alive.
So having felt great *Joves* devouring flame,
I am afraid I ſhould be ſtruck again.
He that was in the *Græcian* Fleet before,
Will bend his ſails from the *Eubœan* ſhore.
And ſo my weather-beaten Bark doth ſhun,
That place from whence the furious ſtorm begun.
Therefore be wiſely circumſpect, take heed,
It is enough if thee the people read.
While *Icarus* flew too high with waxen plumes,
The *Icarian* Seas from him their name aſſumes.
Yet it is hard to counſel in this action,
Since time and place will give thee beſt direction.
For if thou ſee that *Cæſars* wrath be ſpent,
And that his anger is to mildneſs bent;

Or if ſome Courtier thee to *Cæſar* ſhow.
And ſpeak to him in thy behalf, then go
With lucky ſtars, and bring me ſome relief,
To lighten this my heavy weight of grief.
For he by whom I did theſe wounds obtain,
Can like *Achilles* ſpear, cure them again.
But take heed leaſt thou do diſ-favour find,
My hopes are ſmall and fears perplex my mind,
Leſt I another puniſhment obtain,
If thou do move his new-calm'd wrath again.
But when into my ſtudy thou doſt get,
And there upon the little ſhelves art ſet,
There thou ſhalt ſee thy other brothers ſtand,
Brought all to life by one life-giving hand.
The reſt are by their paper titles known,
Whoſe written names are on their fore-head ſhown.
Three other books thou ſhalt likewiſe diſcern,
Teaching loves Art which every one can learn.
But ſhun them, and if thou haſt ſo much breath,
Tell them that *Oedipus* was his fathers death.
And if thy parents words have power to move,
Love none of thoſe although they teach to love.
Fifteen volums of changed ſhapes there lies,
Which were of late ſearcht from my obſequies:
Bid them among their changed ſhapes relate,
The ſad change of my Fortune and eſtate;
For ſhe's unlike to what ſhe was before,
Once happy, now my fate I muſt deplore.
I have more precepts to give thee in charge,
But that my words thy ſtaying would enlarge?
And ſhould'ſt thou carry all my thoughts with thee,
A burthen to thy bearer thou would'ſt be.
'Tis far, make haſt, while here I live alone,
Within a land far diſtant from my home.

ELEGIE II.

While fear of Shipwrack all amaze,
He to the Gods devoutly prayes.
Describes the tempest and his fear,
At last the Gods his prayers hear.

YE Gods of Seas (for what remains but prayer)
Be pleas'd at last our beaten bark to spare:
Not offended all for *Cæsars* sake:
One God enrag'd, some other pity take.
Mars hated *Troy*, *Apollo* did defend
The *Trojans*, and fair *Venus* was their friend:
And though that *Juno Turnus* did respect,
Yet *Venus* did *Æneas* still protect.
Though *Neptune* still *Ulisses* ruine sought,
Yet him *Minerva* unto harbour brought.
And though to them we far inferiour be,
One God displeas'd, some power may pleased be,
But yet alas it is in vain to speak,
Since on my face the angry waves do break,
And now the southern winds so cruel are,
They will not let the Gods even hear my prayer:
But coupling mischiefs, with their ruffling gales,
They take away my prayers, and drive our sails.
The waves like mountains now are rowled on,
Which even seem to touch the starry Throne,
And by and by deep vallies do appear,
As if that hell it self dissolved were.
Nothing but air and water can I see,
And both of them do seem to threaten me.
Whiles divers winds their forces do display,
The sea is doubtful which he should obey;
For now the winds come from the purple east,
And so again it bloweth from the west.
Then *Boreas* flies out from the Northern Wain,
While Southern winds do beat him back again;

Our Pilot knew not whither he ſhould ſtear,
Art fails him, loſt in his amazed fear.
Periſh we muſt, all hope of life is paſt,
And while I ſpake the angry billows flaſh'd
Into my face, and with their waves did fill
My mouth, while I continued praying ſtill.
I know my wife at home doth now lament,
And grieve to think upon my baniſhment,
Yet knows ſhe not how I am toſſed here,
And little thinks ſhe that I am ſo near
Unto my death, and were ſhe here with me,
My grief for her a ſecond death would be.
Now though I dye, yet while that ſhe is ſafe,
I ſhall ſurvive in her my other half.
But now quick lightning breaketh through the Cloud,
And following thunder roareth out aloud.
And now the waves upon the ſhip do beat,
Like bullets, and as one wave doth retreat,
Another comes that doth exceed the reſt,
And thus their fury is by turns expreſt.
I fear not death, yet I do grieve that I
Should here by Shiprack in this manner dye.
Happy is he whom ſickneſs doth invade,
Whoſe body in the ſolid earth is laid.
And having made his will, in his grave may reſt,
Nor ſhall the fiſhes on his body feaſt.
And yet ſuppoſe my death deſerved be,
Shall all the reſt be puniſht here for me?
O ye green Gods who do the Sea command,
Take off from us your heavy threatning hand.
And let me bear this wretched life of mine,
Unto that place which *Cæſar* did aſſign.
If you deſire with death to puniſh me,
My fault was Judg'd not worthy death to be.
Had *Cæſar* meant to take my life away,
He need not uſe your help who all do ſway.

For

For if that he do pleaſe my blood to ſpill,
My life is but a tenure at his will.
But you whom I did never yet offend,
Have pitty on me, and to mercy bend.
For though you ſave me in this great diſtreſs,
Yet you ſhall ſee my ruine ne're the leſs.
And if the winds and ſeas did favour me,
I ſhould no leſs a baniſh'd man ſtill be.
I am not greedy, riches to obtain,
Nor do I plough the ſea in hope of gain,
I go not to *Athens*, where I once have been,
Or *Aſian* towns which I have never ſeen,
Nor unto *Alexandria* do I go,
To ſee how *Nilus* ſeven ſtreams do flow.
I wiſh a gentle wind which may ſo ſtand,
To bring me ſafe to the *Sarmatian* Land.
And though to the ſhores of *Pontus* I am ſent,
I now complain of tardie baniſhment.
And though to *Tomos* I am ſent away,
Yet for a ſpeedy paſſage I do pray.
Then if you love me, calm the angry ſeas,
And gently guide our ſhip if ſo you pleaſe:
Or if yo hate me, bring me to that Land,
Where death even for my puniſhment may ſtand;
Then bear me hence you winds, what do I here?
Or why do *Italy* in ſight appear,
Why ſtay you me who am by *Cæſar* ſent,
Unto the *Pontick* land to baniſhment,
Which I deſerv'd, nor dare I to defend,
That fault which he ſo lately hath condemn'd.
Yet if the Gods did know our ſecret thought,
There was no wicked meaning in my fault.
You know, blind errour carried me away,
While folly did my harmleſs mind betray.
If to his houſe I ever bore good will,
And have obeyed *Auguſtus* pleaſure ſtill:

If I have prayed even in *Auguſtus* name,
If I have prayed even for his happy reign;
And offer'd incenſe in *Auguſtus* name:
If ſuch my mind, then Gods from you I crave
Some pity, or elſe make the Sea my grave.
But ſtay, methinks the Clouds away are blown,
And the ſeas vanquiſh't rage is orecome,
For theſe ſame Gods which I before implor'd,
Thoſe Gods which I conditionally implor'd,
Being ne're deceived, do now their help afford.

ELEGIE III.

When that unhappy hour was come,
That he muſt now depart from Rome;
He ſhews how his wife and friends lament,
His then approaching baniſhment.

WHen I remember that ſame fatal night,
The laſt that I injoy'd the Cities ſight;
Wherein I left each thing to me moſt dear;
Then from mine eyes there ſlideth down a tear;
For when the morning once drew near that I,
By *Cæſars* ſentence muſt leave *Italy*,
I had no mind to think upon the way,
My heavy hart did ſeek out all delay.
Servants, nor yet companions did I chuſe,
Nor coin, nor cloaths, which baniſht men might uſe,
I ſtood amaz'd like one by thunder ſtruck,
Who lives, yet thinks that life hath him forſook.
But when this cloud of ſorrow was ore-blown,
And all my ſenſes were more able grown;
I bad farewel to each ſad friend by name,
For now of many there did few remain.
My Wife wept, and me weeping did imbrace,
A ſhower of tears ſtill raining on her face;

My daughter now was in the *Affrick* land,
Nor of my ſad fate could ſhe underſtand.
Through all my houſe deep groans and ſighs I hear;
As if ſome funeral ſolemnized were.
My wife, my children, and my ſelf were mourners,
And private grief did vent it ſelf in corners.
If humble ſorrows great examples brook,
Such was the face of things when *Troy* was took.
It was the deepeſt ſilence of the night,
And *Luna* in her chariot ſhined bright:
When looking on the Capitols high frame,
Which joyned was unto our houſe in vain:
You Gods (quoth I) whom theſe fair ſeats enfold,
And temples which I ne're ſhall more behold:
And all ye Gods of *Rome* whom I muſt leave,
Theſe my laſt tendred prayers do you receive;
Though wounded I the buckler uſe too late,
Let exile eaſe me of the peoples hate.
Tell *Cæſar*, though I ſin'd by ignorance,
There was no wickedneſs in my offence.
And as you know, ſo let him know the ſame,
That ſo his wrath may be appeas'd again.
With larger prayers my wife did then beſeech
The Gods until that ſobs cut off her ſpeech,
Then falling down with flowing hair long ſpred;
She kiſt the hearth whereon the fire lay dead;
And to our Penates pourd forth many a word,
Which for her husband now no help afford,
Now growing night did haſte delay again,
And *Arctos* now had turn'd about her Wain,
And loath was I to leave my Countries ſight,
Yet this for exile was my ſentenc'd night.
If any urged my haſte, I would reply,
Alaſs, conſider, whither, whence I fly,
And then my ſelf with flattery would beguile,
And think no hour did limit my exile.

Thrice

Thrice went I forth, and thrice returning find,
Slow paces were indulgent to my Mind.
Oft having bid farewel, I ſpake again,
And many parting kiſſes gave in vain.
Then looking back upon my Children dear,
The ſame repeated charge I gave them there.
Why make we haſt? 'tis juſt to ſeek delay,
Since I am ſent from *Rome* to *Scythia*.
For I muſt leave my children houſe and wife,
Who while I live muſt lead a widdows life,
And you my loving friends that preſent be,
And were like *Theſeus* faithful unto me:
Let us imbrace and uſe times little ſtore,
Perhaps I never ſhall imbrace you more.
And then my words to action did give place,
While I each friend did lovingly imbrace,
But while I ſpake and tears bedew'd my eyes,
The fatal morning ſtar began to riſe;
My heart was ſo divided therewithal,
As if my limbs would from my body fall.
So *Priam* griev'd when he too late did find,
The *Grecian* Horſe with armed men was lin'd,
Then ſorrow was in one loud cry expreſt,
And every one began to knock his breſt;
And now my wife her arms about me caſt,
And while I wept, ſhe ſpake theſe words at laſt;
Thou ſhalt not go alone, for I will be
Thy wife in baniſhment and follow thee;
In the ſame ſhip with thee i'le go aboard,
And one land ſhall to us one life afford.
Thee unto exile *Cæſar*'s wrath commands,
Me love, which love to me for *Cæſars* ſtands.
This ſhe repeats, which ſhe had ſpoke before,
And could not be perſwaded to give o're.
Till at the laſt when I my hair had rent,
Forth like ſome living Funeral I went.

And after (as I heard) when night grew on,
Being mad with grief, ſhe threw her ſelf along
Upon the ground, while as her hair now lies,
Soil'd in the duſt, and when that ſhe did riſe,
She did bewail her gods, her ſelf and all,
And on her husbands name did often call,
Grieving as much for this my late exile,
As if ſhe ſaw me on the Funeral pile;
She wiſhes death her ſorrows would relieve,
Yet then again for my ſake ſhe would live:
And may ſhe live while I obey my fate,
And live to help me in this wretched ſtate.
But now the keeper of the Bear was waſht
With waves which even to the Heavens flaſht;
While we the *Ionian* Seas now ploughing were,
Fear made us bold even in the midſt of fear.
Alaſs, the winds the ſeas in black adorn,
And with the beating waves the ſand grew warm,
When ſtraight a Sea o're Poope and ſtern too came,
Waſhing thoſe Gods were painted on the ſame,
And now the planks did groan, the ropes did crack,
As if the ſhip lamented her own wrack.
Our maſters paleneſs did confeſs his fear,
And knowing not what to do, gives o're to ſtear,
And as a man unable to reſtrain
A head-ſtrong Horſe, doth ſlack the bridle rein,
So he let looſe the Sails unto the Seas,
Leaving the ſhip to drive on where it pleaſe.
And had not *Æolus* other winds ſtraight ſent,
We had been driven back from whence we went.
Illyria being on our ſtarboard hand
We came in ſight of the *Italian* Land.
Ceaſe then you winds to drive us on that ſhore,
'Tis *Cæſars* will we ſhould go back no more.
Thus fearing that which I did much deſire,
The leaping waves did to the decks aſpire.

Spare me ye Gods of seas some mercy show,
Let it suffice that *Cæsar* is my foe.
And let not death my weary soul invade,
If one already ruin'd may be sav'd.

ELEGIE. IV.

Unto his friend whose love he found
Constant when his fortune frown'd;
And like a chimney hot to be,
In the winter of adversity.

O Friend, thy love deserves the foremost place
Who pitiedst me as if 'twere thine own case.
For when I was amazed with my grief,
Thy gentle words did yield me great relief.
And didst perswade me still to live, while I,
Wearied with sorrow, did desire to die.
And though by signs thy name I do conceal,
Yet whom I mean thy conscience will reveal.
And of thy true love I will mindful be,
For I do owe my very life to thee.
My soul shall vanish into empty air,
My body to the Funeral Pile repair,
E're I forget thy love which I did find,
Or time do make it slip out of my mind.
But may the easie Gods to thee incline,
And give a fortune far unlike to mine.
Yet had my Ship with gentle winds sail'd on,
Thy faithful love to me had been unknown.
Perithous Theseus love could never know,
Till to the infernal waters they did go:
And *Pylades* love had never been expresst,
Till madd *Orestes* furies him distrest.
And had *Euryalus* scap'd the daring foe,
Of *Nisus* love who should the story know?

For as the fire the yellow gold doth try,
So love is proved by adversity.
While fortune helps us, and on us doth smile,
They will attend upon our wealth that while,
But if she frown, they flye, and scarce of any
Shall he be known, that had of friends so many.
This which before, I from examples drew,
In my own fortune now is proved true.
Since of my friends so few remaining be,
The rest did love my fortune and not me.
Then let those few aid me distress'd the more,
And bring my ship with safety to the shore;
And let not any fear to be my friend.
Lest that his love great *Cæsar* might offend.
For faithfulness in friendship he doth love,
And in his enemies doth it approve.
My case is better, since that no attempt,
Gainst him, but folly wrought my banishment.
Be watchful then in my behalf and see,
If that his anger may appeased be.
If any wish I should my griefs rehearse,
They are too many to be shew'd in verse.
My griefs are more than stars within the skies,
Or little moths which from the dust arise.
For to my sorrows none can credit give,
Posterity will scarce the same believe.
Besides those other griefs which ought to have,
Within my secret thoughts a silent grave.
Had I a voice and breast could ne're be tyr'd,
More mouths and tongues than ever grief desir'd;
Yet could not I express the same in words,
My grief so large a theam to me affords.
You learned Poets leave off now to write
Ulisses troubles, and my woes recite.
I suffered more; he wandred many years,
In coming home from *Troy* as it appears.

We saild so far to the *Sarmatian* shore,
Till we discover'd stars unknown before.
With him a faithful troop of *Grecians* went,
My friends forsook me in my banishment.
To bring him home his happy sails were spread,
While I even from my native country fled.
Nor do I sail from *Ithaca*, from whence,
It would not grieve me to be banisht thence:
But even from *Rome*, which doth the Gods enfold,
And from seven hills doth all the world behold.
He had a body hardned to endure,
To labour I my self did ne're inure,
In the stern wars great pains he daily took,
But I was still devouted to my book.
One God opposing me, no God brought aid,
But him *Bellona* helpt the warlike Maid.
And since that *Neptune* is than *Jove* far less,
Him *Neptune*, but great *Jove* doth me oppress.
Besides some fictions do his labours grace,
Which in our grief sad story have no place.
And lastly though at last, his home he found,
And landed on the welcom long sought ground.
But ne're shall I my native country see,
Until the angry Gods appeased be.

ELEGIE V.

Unto his Wife whose faithful love
And constancy he doth approve.

APollo Lyde never lov'd so well,
Nor did *Philitas* love so much excell
To *Battis*, as my constant love to thee,
Worthy a husband that might happier be:
Thou helpedst me when fortune did decline,
So if that I am any thing 'tis thine.

anA

And none through thee, to spoil me more were able,
Who wisht to see me bear a shipwrack table.
For as a Wolf whom hunger doth make bold,
Doth dare to set upon the unwatcht fold:
Or as the Vulture round about doth fly,
To see what Carcas doth unburyed lye:
In the like manner some unfaithful hand,
Had seiz'd my goods, but that thou didst withstand;
And by friends help didst frustrate his intent,
To whom I can no worthy thanks present.
This was a certain trial of thy love,
If any trial need the same approve.
Andromaches love to *Hector* when he fell
By stout *Achilles*, cannot parallel
Thine, more expresst to me in my sad fate,
Then was *Laodamia*'s to her mate.
Hadst thou been *Homers* wife as thou art mine,
Thou woulds in fame *Penelope* out-shine.
Whether thou ow'st thy vertues to thy self,
And liberal nature did impart this wealth;
Or else the example of some Matrons life,
Doth teach thee how to be a loyal wife;
And so by custome made thee like to either,
For things unequal may compare together.
Alas my verse hath now no strength to praise thee,
Nor to the height of thy deserts can raise thee:
And if we any lively vigour had,
Through length of misery it is now decay'd,
Else thy conspicuous vertues should appear,
Amongst women that for vertue famous were:
Yet if my verses any praise can give,
Within my verse thou shalt for ever live.

ELEGIE VI.

Unto his friends who did engrave,
And on their Rings his Image have.

Those he wishes him to view,
In those verses which he drew.

THou that my Image wear'st in Rings expreſt,
Let not my brow with Ivie wreathes be dreſt.
Such enſigns happy Poets may adorn,
No Garland on my temples muſt be worn.
Though you conceal it, yet you know 'tis true,
Who on your finger do me often view.
And having made my counterfeit in gold,
Me in my baniſhment do ſo behold;
The ſight whereof doth make thee to let fall,
Theſe words, How far is *Ovid* from us all?
I thank your love, but 'tis my verſe which ſhews,
My lively picture, therefore it perule.
My verſe which ſings the changed ſhapes of men,
Which by my flight was left unperfect then.
Departing, theſe I with my hand at laſt,
Into the fire with other riches caſt.
As *Theſtias* in the brand her ſon did ſmother,
Being a better ſiſter than a mother.
So I did caſt thoſe books into the flame,
Which by my fault had merited no blame.
Hating my Muſe, which did my fault include,
Or elſe becauſe my verſe ſeem'd lame and rude.
But ſince I could not ſo deſtroy them quite,
But that ſome copies yet are come to light:
Now may they live, and ſtill delightful be,
Unto the Reader put in mind of me.
Yet they with patience can be read of none,
That to the world are uncorrected ſhown.
Snatch'd from the forge before they could be fram'd
Deprived of my laſt life-giving hand.
For praiſe I pardon crave, it ſhall ſuffice,
If Reader thou do not my verſe deſpiſe.
Yet in the front theſe verſes placed be,

If with thy liking it at least agree.
Who meets this Orphan Volume poor in worth,
Within your City harborage afford.
To win more favour, not by him set forth,
But ravish'd from the funeral of his Lord.
This therefore which presents its own defect,
At pleasure with a friendly hand correct.

ELEGIE VII.

To his unconstant friend, whose love
He finds doth now inconstant prove,
And like a Glow-worm seems to shine,
But yields no heat in coldest time.

LEt Rivers now flow back unto their Spring,
And let the Sun from West his course begin:
The earth shall now with shining stars be fill'd,
The skies unto the furrowing plow shall yield.
The water shall send forth a smoaking flame,
The fire shall yield forth water back again.
All things shall go against old natures force,
And no part of the world shall keep his course.
This I presage because I am deceiv'd
Of him, whose love most faithful I believ'd.
What made thy hollow thoughts so soon reject me,
What did'st thou fear when fortune did afflict me,
That thou would'st never comfort me at all,
Or mourn at my living funeral.
That name of friendship which should holy be,
Is not esteem'd or reckon'd of by thee.
What had it been to have seen a maim'd friend,
And with the rest some words of Comfort lend;
And if no tears for me thou could'st have shed,
With fained pity might'st have something sed.
Thou might'st have done as some I ne're knew,
And in the common voice have bid adiew:

And lastly, while thou mightest take the pain
To see my face ne're to be seen again,
And might'st have then (which ne're shall more befall)
Give and receive a farewel last of all.
Which others did, whom no strict league did bind,
And made their tears the witness of their minde.
For were not we in love joyn'd each to other,
By length of time and living both together?
My business and my sports were known to thee,
And so were thy affairs well known to me.
Did not I know thee well at *Rome* of late,
Whom I for mirth-sake did associate?
Are these things vanisht into empty wind,
Drown'd in the *Lethe* of a faithful mind;
I do not think that thou wert born at *Rome*,
(Whether, alas I never more shall come)
But on some Rock here in the *Pontick* land,
Or *Scythian* Mountains that so wildly stand.
And veins of flint are every where dispers't,
In slender branches through thy Iron brest.
And sure thy Nurse some cruel tiger was,
Who gave thee suck as she along did pass:
Else thou hadst made my grief by application
Thy own, nor wouldst thou need this accusation.
But since to encrease the burthen of my grief,
My first of miseries found such poor relief.
Repair this breach of love, that in the end
Thy now complain'd of love I may commend.

ELEGIE VIII.

He shews his friend that vulgar love,
Is fortunes shadow, and doth move
With it; then does congratulate
His worth deserving better fate.

MAist thou live happy even till thou dye,
Who readst this work here with a friendly ey

And may my prayers unto the Gods not fail
For thee, which for my ſelf did ne're prevail.
While thou art fortunate thou ſhalt have friends,
But in adverſity their friendſhip ends.
Thou ſee'ſt how Doves to new-built houſes come,
While as the ruin'd Tower all birds do ſhun,
The empty Barns no vermine ever haunt,
And no friend comes to him that is in want.
While the Sun ſhines, our ſhadow then will ſtay,
But when o're-caſt, it vaniſhes away.
So do the people follow fortunes light,
Which clouded once, they vaniſh out of ſight.
But may theſe truths to thee moſt falſe ſtill ſeem,
Which by my ill chance have confirmed been.
A great reſort of friends unto me came,
While I kept up my well known houſe and name:
But when it fell, my ruine they did ſhun,
And all at once to fly from me begun.
Nor do I wonder if they thunder fear,
That blaſteth every thing it cometh near:
Yet a friend conſtant in adverſity,
Ceſar approves even in his enemy.
Nor is he wont to be diſpleas'd to ſee,
Thoſe that have loved once, ſtill friends ſhould be.
Even *Troas* when that he *Oreſtes* knew,
Did praiſe that love which *Pylades* did ſhew.
And that *Patroclus* was *Achiles* friend,
Though in his foe brave *Hector* doth commend.
When *Theſeus* went down with his friend to *Hell*,
Pluto was griev'd to ſee them love ſo well.
And *Turnus* did with tears commiſerate,
Eurialus and *Niſus* diſmal fate.
Friendſhip is in an enemy approv'd;
Yet how few with theſe words of mine are mov'd?
For ſuch my ſtate of fortune now appears,
I ought to keep no meaſure in my tears.

Yet though my own times are unfortunate,
They are made more clear even by thy better fate.
I saw dear friend, that this to thee would come,
When a less wind did drive thy ship along.
If spotless life deserve to be esteem'd.
No man deserveth more to be esteem'd;
If liberal Arts can any man advance,
Thou mak'st each cause good by thy eloquence,
And mov'd herewith I do to thee presage,
A glorious Scene upon the worldly stage.
Not thunder told me this, nor yet the sight,
Of sheeps entrails, nor birds voice or flight.
Reason did me this augury afford,
When as I saw thy mind with vertue stor'd.
And now do gratulate this my divination,
In that thy vertues have such publication.
Would I had kept in darkness out of sight,
My studies, which I wish had ne're known light:
For as thy fame from eloquence doth grow,
So from my verse, my ruin first did flow.
Thou know'st my life, and how I did abstain
From those same Arts of Love which I did frame.
Thou know'st I writ it in my younger dayes,
In jesting manner, not to merit praise.
Though I dare nothing urge in my defence,
I think I may excuse my late offence.
Excuse me then, nor e're forsake thy friend,
But as thou hast begun, so also end.

ELEGIE IX.

Ovid *here his ship doth praise,*
That carried him through many Seas.

YEllow *Minerva* doth my ship maintain,
Which of her painted Helmet bears the name.

For

For with the leaſt wind ſhe will nimbly ſail,
And go with Oars when as the wind doth fail.
She will out-ſail her company out-right,
And fetch up any ſhip that is in ſight.
She can endure the waves which on her beat,
Yet will ſhe never open any leak.
I boarded her in the *Corinthian* bay,
From whence ſhe ſtoutly brought me on my way.
By *Pallas* help, by whom ſhe was protected,
Through many dangerous ſeas ſhe was directed.
And may ſhe now cut through the *Pontick* ſtrand,
And bring me ſafely to the *Getick* Land.
Who when that ſhe had carryed me at laſt
Through the *Ionian* Seas, when we had paſt
Along thoſe coaſts, we ſtood to the left-hand,
And ſo we came unto the *Imbrian* Land.
Then with a gentle wind ſhe ſailed on,
And touch'd at *Samos* as ſhe went along.
Upon the other ſide there ſtands a Wood,
Thus far my ſhip did bring me through the flood.
Through the *Biſtonians* fields on foot I went,
And then from *Helleſpont* her courſe ſhe bent.
For to *Dardania* ſhe her courſe intended,
And *Lampſace* which *Priapus* defended.
So to the walls of *Cyzicon* ſhe came,
Which the *Mæonian* people firſt did frame.
Thence to *Conſtantinople* was her way,
Whereas two Seas do meet within one bay.
Now may my other ſhip with a ſtrong gale,
Paſs by the moving Iſles; while ſhe doth ſail,
By the *Thinnian* bay, while her courſe doth fall,
To come hard by *Anchialus* high Wall.
Then to *Meſſembria*, *Odeſſon*, and the Tower,
Which is defended by God *Bacchus* power:
And to *Megara* which did firſt receive,
Alcathous, who did his Country leave.

So

So to *Miletus*, which is the place assign'd,
To which by *Cæsars* wrath I am confin'd.
Where for an offering of a greater price,
A Lamb to *Pallas* I will sacrifice.
And you two Brothers that are stellifi'd,
I pray that you my ship my gently guide.
One ship to the *Cyanian* Isles is bound;
The other goes to the *Bistonian* ground.
And therefore grant the wind may fitly stand,
To bring them safely to a diverse land.

ELEGIE X.

Unto the Reader here he shows,
That he this first Book did compose
In his journey, and so doth crave
His pardon, if some faults it have.

EAch lerter that thou readest in this Book,
I did indite, while I my journey took.
And while I writ the sea did me enfold,
While I did tremble with *December's* cold.
Or when having past the *Isthmus* through the main,
We were enforced to take ship again;
I think it did amaze the *Cyclades*,
To see me writing verses on the Seas.
I wonder too, that I with stormes of wind,
And waves oppresst, could such invention find.
For if that Poetry be nam'd a madness,
Yet it did ease my mind in midst of sadness.
Now by the stormy winds our ship was beaten,
Then *Sterope* did make the Seas to threaten.
Arctophilax did cloud the day again,
And southern windes did bring down showers of rain.
The Sea leak'd in apace, yet then I drew,
With trembling hand these verses here in view.

And

And now the winds did wistle in the shrowds,
The waves did seem to rise up to the clouds.
The Pilot lifting up his hands and heart
Besought the Gods for help, and left his Art:
Where e're I look deaths shape behold I may,
Which maketh me at once, to fear, and pray.
The Heavens sight would but increase my fears,
The Land more fearful than the Sea appears,
The fear of cruel men my thoughts doth trouble.
The sword, and seas, do make my fears seem double.
For that would fain deprive me of my breath,
And this would have glory of my death.
On the left hand a barbarous Nation stood,
Who do delight in slaughter, war, and blood:
And while the waves do give the sea no rest.
The sea is not more troubled than my breast.
So that the Reader ought to pardon these
Few lines of mine, if that they do not please.
I write them not within my garden Arbour.
Or while my bed my weary limbs did harbour,
But on our ship the angry waves did beat,
And the blew water did my paper wet.
Winter grew angry for to see me write,
While he in threatning stormes did shew his might.
I yield to him, and may his stormy weather,
Here with my verse be ended both together.

Unto Cæsar he excuses
Himself, and condemns his Muses.
And many Poets doth recite,
Who in their times did loosely write;
Yet in that age were never sent,
Though like in fault, to banishment.

WHat have I to do with you my unhappy book
On whom as on my ruin I must look.
Why do I return unto my Muse again,
Is't not enough one punishment to obtain.
It was my verse that first did overthrow me,
And made both men, and women wish to know me.
It was my verse did make great *Cæsar* deem
My life to be such, as my verse did seem.
Amongst my chiefest faults I must rehearse,
My love of study, and my looser verse.
In which while I my fruitless labour spent,
I gained nothing but sad banishment.
Those learned Sisters I should therefore hate,
Who their adorers still do ruinate.
Yet such my madness is, that folly arms me,
To strike my foot against that stone that harms me;
Even as some beaten Fencer after tries,
To re-gain honour by a second Prize.
Or as some torn ship that newly came
To shore, yet after stands to sea again.
Perhaps as *Telephus* was healed by a sword,
So that which hurt me shall like help afford.
And that my verse his mov'd wrath may appease,
Since verses have great power the Gods to please.
Cæsar hath bidden each *Italian* Dame
To sing some verses to great *Opis* name:

And

And unto *Phœbus* when he ſet forth plaies,
To him once ſeen within an age of daies.
So may my verſe great *Cæſars* now obtain,
By examples to appeaſe thy wrath again.
Juſt is thy wrath, which I will ne're deny,
Such ſhameful words, from my mouth do not flie:
And this offence makes me for pardon cry,
Since faults are objects of thy Clemency.
Jove would be ſoon diſarm'd, if he ſhould ſend
His thunder-bolts as oft as men offend.
Now though his thunders make the world to fear,
It breaks the clouds, and makes the air more clear:
Whom therefore father of the Gods we name,
Than *Jove* none greater doth the world contain.
Thou *Pater Patriæ* too art call'd, then be
Like to thoſe Gods in name and clemencie.
And ſo thou art, for no more moderate hand,
Could hold the reins of Empire and command.
Thy enemy once overcome in field,
Thou pardon'ſt, which he victor would not yield.
And ſome thou did'ſt with honours dignifie,
That have attempted 'gainſt thy Majeſty.
Thy wars on one day did begin and ceaſe,
While both ſides brought their offerings unto peace:
That as the Victor in the vanquiſht Foe,
The vanquiſht in the victor gloried ſo.
My caſe is better ſince I ne're did joyn,
With thoſe who did in arms 'gainſt thee combine.
By Sea, by Earth, and *Stygian* Gods I ſwear,
And by thy ſelf whoſe God-like power I fear.
My thoughts, though wanting means to be expreſt,
As faithful were, as thoſe who moſt proſeſt.
For I did joyn my frequent prayers with them,
That thou might'ſt here long wear thy Diadem.
And for thy ſafety made a poor expence,
To pleaſe the Gods with offered Frankincence.

Beſides,

Beſides, thoſe faulty books of mine contain,
In many places, thy moſt ſacred name.
And if thou would'ſt that work of mine peruſe.
Of changed ſhapes, ſnatcht from my baniſht Muſe
In it thy name ſtill mention'd thou ſhalt find,
And many things which ſhew my humble mind.
For though my hapleſs Muſe cannot aſpire,
To raiſe thy fame and glory any higher;
Jove's pleas'd when we his glorious Acts rehearſe,
And make him be the ſubject of our verſe.
And when we do the Giants wars recite,
In his own praiſes he doth ſure delight.
Others may celebrate thy ſacred name,
And ſing thy praiſes in a fluent vein.
Though we an hundred Bulls do ſacrifice,
The Gods the ſmalleſt gifts do not deſpiſe.
But oh! more cruel than a foe was he,
Who firſt did ſhew my wanton lines to thee.
Leſt that my verſes which thy fame do ſpread,
Might ſo with equal favour now be read.
Yet thou being angry, who durſt love profeſs;
For I did hate my ſelf in my diſtreſs.
As in ſome falling houſe the heavy weight,
The firſt declining poſts oppreſſes ſtreight.
So when that fortune an eſtate doth rend,
All things by their own weight to ruin tend.
The people likewiſe hate me for my books,
And ſo compoſe themſelves unto thy looks.
Yet I remember in my younger dayes,
My life and manners thou didſt often praiſe.
For though unthriving honeſty obtain
No honour, yet no crime did ſoil my fame.
The Defendants cauſe ſometimes in hand I took,
On which the hundred Senators ſhould look.
And when I private matters did compound,
Each ſide the juſtice of my ſentence found.

nd if at laſt I had not thus offended,
know thou haſt me formerly commended.
his laſt deſtroyes me, ſinks my ſhip below,
he waves, which often did in ſafety go.
or did ſome ſmall and little wave diſtreſs me,
ut a whole Ocean did at once oppreſs me.
las, why have my eyes thus hapleſs been,
o give me knowledge of a private ſin.
ction did *Diana* naked ſpie,
nd yet for this he by his hounds did die.
hough fortune did offend in this, not he,
et errors 'gainſt the Gods muſt puniſht be.
ven ſo that day that error me betray'd,
ſmall, but not ignoble houſe decay'd.
et ſuch as from antiquity hath ſhown,
ms that have been inferior unto none.
ot wealthy, nor yet e're with want diſgrac'd,
t with the houſes of the Gentry plac'd.
nd if my houſe had born an humble name,
had been famous by my fluent vein.
hich though I us'd more lightly then became,
t all the world beareth up my name.
e learned too have *Naſo* known, nor fear,
place him with thoſe that renouned were.
t now this houſe which by my Muſe was rais'd
y one fault of mine again diſgrac'd.
t fal'n ſo as it it ſelf may rear,
eſar's wrath would once more mild appear.
hoſe mercy in my ſentence was expreſt,
ſhort of that my fear did firſt ſuggeſt.
hoſe anger reacht not to this life of ours,
t with great mildneſs us'd thy Princely powers,
d thou my forfeit goods to me did 'ſt give,
d with my life did'ſt grant me means to live.
r by the *Senates* ſentence was I ſent,
private judgment into baniſhment.

But

But didst thy self pronounce those heavy words,
Whose execution full revenge affords.
Besides, thy Edict forcing my exile,
Did with great favour my late fault enstile.
Whereby I am not banisht but confin'd,
And misery is in gentle words assign'd.
For there's no punishment though me're so strict,
Can more than thy displeasure me afflict.
Yet sometimes angry Gods appeased are,
And when the Clouds are gone, the day is fair.
I have seen the Elm loaden with Vines again,
That had before been strucken by *Jovi's* flame:
Therefore I'le hope, since thou canst not deny,
To grant me this even in my misery.
Thy mercy makes me hope, till I reflect
Upon my fault, which doth all hope reject:
And as the rage of Seas by winds incens'd,
Is not with equal fury still commenc'd:
But that sometimes a quiet calm it hath,
And seems to have laid by his former wrath:
Even so my various thoughts do make me fare,
Now calm'd by hope, than troubled with despair.
By those same Gods that grant thee long to reign,
That thou maist still maintain the *Roman* name.
And by thy Country happy in thy fate,
Where I a subject were of thine of late.
May so the City render thee due love,
For thy great acts which do thy mind approve.
So may thy *Livia* live here many years,
Who only worthy of thy love appears;
Whom nature kept for thee, else there had been,
None worthy to have been thy Royal Queen.
So may thy Son grow up, and with his father,
Rule this same Empire happily together;
And by his acts and thine, which time can't hide,
May both your off-springs so be stellifi'd.

May victory so accustom'd to thy Tent,
Come to his colours, and her self present;
And fly about him with displayed wings,
While she a Laurel wreath to crown him brings.
To whom thou dost thy wars command resign,
And givest him that fortune that was thine;
While thou thy self at home in peace dost reign,
Thy other self doth forraign wars maintain.
May he return a victor o're his foe,
And on his plumed horse in triumph go.
Oh spare me therefore! and do now lay by
Thy Thunder, which hath bred my misery.
Spare me thou *Pater Patriæ*, let that name
Give me some hope, to please thee once again.
I sue not to repeal my banishment,
Though unto greater suites the Gods assent.
For if thou wouldst some milder place assign
Of exile, it would ease this grief of mine.
For here I suffer even the worst of woes,
While I do live amongst the barbarous foes.
Being sent unto *Danubius* seven fold stream,
Whereas *Calisto* drives her frozen Team.
And while the silver waves do gently slide,
The *Colchians* from the *Getts* can scarce divide;
And though for greater faults some are proscrib'd,
Yet none in farther banishment abide.
Beyond this nought but cold and foes remain,
And seas that are bound with an Icye Chain.
Part of the *Euxine* sea which *Rome* commands,
Runs here, and then below *Sarmatia* stands.
Here doth the spreading *Roman* Empire end,
Whose utmost bounds do hither scarce extend.
This makes me pray to be removed hence,
A peaceful exile granting my offence.
For with those people may a captive bide,
Who once enrag'd the *Ister* can't divide.

Beſides, a free born *Roman* cannot be,
By forreign hands held in captivity.
Though two faults, verſe and error me oppreſt,
The latter ſhall in ſilence be ſuppreſt.
I am unworthy to renew the wound,
O *Cæſar*, by which I the ſmart have found.
But of my fault they urge a ſecond part,
In that I taught Loves wanton idle Art.
I ſee that human acts the Gods deceive,
My fault is not ſuch as thou doſt believe.
For as great *Jove* that heaven beholding ſits,
No leiſure unto ſmall affairs admits.
So when this under Orbe thou doſt o're-look,
Thy royal thoughts no meaner cares do brook.
As that thou ſhouldſt (my Leige) have ſo much leiſure
To read my verſe, fram'd with unequal meaſure.
It ſeems the weight of the *Roman* name does lye,
Not on thy ſhoulders very heavily,
That thou wouldſt deign to mark thoſe idle lines;
And view what I had writ at idle times.
Now thou rebelling *Hungary* doſt tame,
While as the *Thracians* menace arms again.
The *Armenians* ſeeking peace, the *Parthian* ſhow
His ſpreading colours, and do bend their bows.
Germany feels thy valour in thy Son,
While *Cæſars* foes, young *Cæſar* doth o'recome.
And laſtly through thy Empires large extention,
No part doth fall away through thy prevention.
The City and the Laws thou doſt defend,
And by example doſt thy Subjects mend.
Nor with thy people doſt thou live at eaſe,
When by thy wars thou ſetteſt them in peace.
'Mongſt ſuch affairs I wonder thou hadſt time,
For to peruſe thoſe idle jeſts of mine.
Or if thou readſt them with a quiet thought,
I wiſh that in my art thou hadſt read no fault.

It was not for ſeverer judgments writ,
And for thy princely view it was unfit.
Yet ſuch as doth not 'gainſt thy laws offend,
Or wanton rules to married Wives commend.
And leaſt thou doubt to whom they written were,
In one book of the three, theſe verſes are.
Away all you whoſe fillets bind your hair:
And you that ankle-touching garments wear:
The lawful ſcapes of love we hear rehearſe,
That ſo there may be no fault in my verſe.
What though we baniſh from this Art all ſuch
As the robe and fillet bids us not to touch,
Yet may the Matron uſe another art,
And draw from thence what I did not impart.
Let the Matron then not read, for ſhe may find
Matter in all verſe to corrupt her mind.
What e're ſhe touches, ſhe that delights in ill,
Of vices knowledge ſhe way learn the skill.
Let her the *Annales* take (though moſt ſevere)
The fault of *Ilia* will thereby appear.
And in the *Æneads* read as in the other,
How wanton *Venus* was *Æneas* mother.
And I will ſhew beneath in every kind,
That there's no verſe but may corrupt the mind.
Yet every book is not for this to blame,
Since nothing profits but may hurt again.
Than fire what better, yet he that doth deſire,
To burn a houſe, doth arm himſelf with fire.
Health-giving Phyſick, health doth oft empair,
Some hearbs are wholeſome and ſome poyſon are.
The thief and traveller ſwords wear, to th' end,
Th' one may aſſault, the other may defend.
Though eloquence ſhould plead the honeſt cauſe,
It may defend the guilty by the laws;
So if my verſe be read with a good mind,
Thou ſhalt be ſure in it no hurt to find.

He therefore erres, who led by self-conceit,
Doth mis-interpret whatsoe'e I write.
Why are there Cloisters, wherein Maids do walk,
That with their Lovers they may meet and talk?
The Temple though most sacred let her shun,
That with an evil mind doth thither come,
For in *Joves* Temple her thoughts will suggest,
How many Maids by *Jove* have been oppress;
And think in *Juno's* Temples when shes praying,
How *Juno* injur'd was by *Joves* oft straying;
And *Pallas* seen, she thinks some faulty birth,
Made her to hide *Erichthon* born of earth:
If she come to *Mars's* Temple, o're the gate,
There standeth *Venus* with her cunning mate,
In *Isis* Temple she revolveth how,
Poor *Io* was transform'd into a Cow:
And something then her wandring fancy moves,
To think of *Venus* and *Anchises* loves.
Jasus and *Ceres* next her thoughts excite,
And pale *Endimion* the Moons favourite,
For though those statues were for prayer assign'd,
Yet every thing corrupts an evil mind,
And my first leaf bids them not read that Art,
Which I to Harlots only did impart.
And since in maidens it is thought a crime,
For to press farther than the Priests assign:
Is she not faulty then, who not forbears
To read my verses, prohibited chaste eares?
Matrons to view those pictures are content,
Which various shapes of venery present;
And Vestal Virgins do peruse the same,
For which the Author doth receive no blame.
Yet why did I that wanton vein approve?
Why doth my Book perswade them unto love?
It was my fault which I do here confess.
My wit and judgment did therein transgress.

Why did not I of *Troy's* sad ruin tell,
That vexed them) which by the *Grecians* fell.
Or *Thebes* seven gates which severally kept, slept.
Where by mutual wounds those brothers dy'd and
An ample subject warlike *Rome* afforded,
Whose acts I might have piously recorded.
And though great *Cæsars* deeds abroad are known,
Yet by my verses some part I might have shown:
For as the Suns bright rayes do draw the sight,
So might thy acts my willing Muse incite.
Yet 'twas no fault to plough a little field,
Knowing that them do fertile matter yield,
For though the Cock-boat through the Lake do row,
He dare not venture unto Sea to go.
This I did fear, for though my lighter vein,
To frame some slender measures can attain;
Yet had I took to write the Gyants war,
That work for me had been too heavy far.
Those happy wits of *Cæsars* acts may tell,
Whose high strain'd lines his acts can parallel.
And though I once attempted such an act,
He thought my verse did from my worth detract.
Then to my Youthful Layes I went again,
And writ of love under a fained name.
The fates did draw me 'gainst my own intent,
By writing to obtain a banishment.
Why learnt I by my parents care, or why
Did tempting books detain my busie eye?
For this thou hat'st me, since thou doth distrust,
I taught by art how to solicite lust.
When I two wives no theft of love did show,
How could I teach what I did never know?
For though some smooth soft verses I did frame,
No ill report could ever wound my fame.
For can some husband of the vulgar rank,
For being made a doubtful father, thank

My verse, by which my thoughts are not expresst,
My life is modest, though my muse love jest.
Besides, my works are Fictions, and do crave
Some liberty, which their Author may not have.
Nor do books shew the mind, whose chief intention
Is to delight the ear with new invention.
Should *Actius* rude be, *Terence* delight
In bankets, and all warriours who do write
Of wars, and lastly some have love-layes fram'd,
Who though like faulty, yet are not like blam'd.
What did the harping old man teach in rhyme,
But to steep *Venus* in the heat of Wine?
And *Sappho* doth instruct maids how to love,
Yet he nor *Sappho* no man doth reprove.
Who blames *Battiades* that abus'd his leasure,
In wanton verse to set forth his own pleasure?
Menanders pleasant merry tales of love,
The harmless thoughts of virgins do approve.
What do the *Iliads* shew, but wars sad shape,
In the regaining an adulterous rape.
And how *Achilles Chryses* love enflam'd,
And how the *Grecians Helen* back regain'd.
The *Odysses* shew how in a wooing strife,
Those sutors vainly sought *Ulysses* wife.
And *Homer* tells how *Mars* and *Venus* ty'd
In close embraces, by the Gods were spy'd,
Whom but from *Homer* could we ever know,
How two fair Ladies lov'd a stranger so?
The tragedies in stateliness excel,
Yet those of loves affairs do often tell.
Hyppolitus was loved of his mother,
And fair *Canace* did affect her brother.
When *Menelaus Helen* bore away,
Cupid did drive the chariot on that day.
When in the Childrens blood the mother dyes
The sword, this act from frantick love did rise.

ove to a *Lapwing* chang'd the *Thracian* King,
nd fitted *Progne* with a Swallows wing.
nd 'twas a brothers love that did affright,
he Sun, and made him for to hide his light.
ever should *Scylla* on the stage appear,
ut that love made her clip her fathers hair.
nd whoso reads *Orestes* frantick fears,
f murthered *Pyrrhus* and *Aegisthus* bears.
hat name I him did the *Chimera* tame?
hose treacherous hostess sought his life in vain.
hat of *Hermione* or the *Arcadian* Maid?
abe whose course the *Latmian* lover staid.
r what of *Danae*, by *Jove* a mother grown,
nd *Hercules* got, in two nights joyn'd in one.
o these add *Nile*, *Pyrrhus* and that boy,
weet *Hylas*, with *Paris*, fire-brand unto *Troy*.
nd should I here recite loves tragick flames,
y book would scarce contain their very names.
hus tragedies to wanton laughter bend,
nd many shamefull words in them they blend.
me blameless have *Achilles* acts defac'd,
nd by soft measures have his deeds disgrac'd,
hough *Aristides* his own faults compil'd,
et *Aristides* was not straight exil'd.
ubius did write an impure history,
nd does describe unwholsom venery.
or he that *Sybarin* luxuries composed,
or he that his own sinful acts disclosed.
hese in the libraries by some bounteous hand,
o publick use do there devoted stand.
y strangers pens I need not seek defence,
ur own books with such liberty dispence.
or though grave *Ennius* of ward tumults writ,
hose artless works do shew an able wit.
he cause of fire *Lucretius* doth explain,
nd shews how three causes did this world frame.

Wanton *Catullus* yet his Muse did task,
To praise his Mistress, whom he then did mask
Under the name of *Lesbia*, and so strove
In verse to publish his own wanton love.
And with like licence *Calvus* too assaies,
For to set forth his pleasure divers waies.
Why should I mention *Memius* wanton vein?
Who to each filthy act doth give a name.
And *Cinna* striving by his verse to please
Cornificus, may well be rank'd with these;
And he that did commend to after fame,
His love disguised by *Metellus* name.
And he that sailed for the fleece of gold,
His secret thefts of love doth oft unfold.
Hortensius too, and *Servius* writ as bad,
Who'd think my fault so great example had?
Sisenno Aristodis works translates,
And oft in wanton jests expatiates.
For praising *Lycoris*, none doth *Gallus* blame,
If that his tongue in wine he could contain.
Tibullus writes that Womens oathes are wind,
Who can with outward shews their husbands blind,
Teaching them how their keepers to beguile,
While he himself is couzen'd by that wile,
That he would take occasion for to try
Her ring, that he might touch her hand thereby.
By private tokens he would talk sometime,
And on the table draw a wanton sign:
Teaching what eyes that blewness shall expel,
Which by much kissing on their lips doth dwell.
And unto husbands do strict rules commend,
If they be honest, wives will not offend.
And when the dog doth bark, to know before,
That 'tis their Lover that stands at the door.
And many notes of Love-thefts he doth leave,
And teacheth wives their husbands to deceive.

Yet is *Tibullus* read and famous grown,
And unto thee great *Cæsar* he was known.
And though *Propertius* did like precepts give,
Yet his clear fame doth ſtill unſtained live.
To theſe did I ſucceed, for I'le ſuppreſs
Their names who live, and faulty are no leſs.
I fear'd not where ſo many ſhips had paſt,
That my poor bark ſhould ſhipwrackt be at laſt.
For ſome do ſhew the Art to play at dice,
Which was in former times eſteem'd a vice.
And how to make the dice ſtill higher run,
And ſo the little looſing Ace to ſhun.
Or how to caſt and ſhrink a Dye again,
To run that chance which any one ſhall name.
And how at Drafts a crowned king to make,
And play your man where none the ſame can take.
To know to chaſe, and to retire, and then
In flying how to back your man again.
And ſome the Game of three-ſtones likewiſe ſhow,
Where he does win that brings them on a row.
Others in ſundry games like pains do take,
Wherein we loſe our time to win a ſtake.
And ſome of Tennis-play do alſo ſing,
And do inſtruct us how by art to ſwim.
Here one the ſecrets of face-drugs diſcloſes,
Another laws of crowned feaſts compoſes.
And the beſt day he likewiſe doth aſſign,
And what cups do become the ſparkling wine.
And in *December* merry rhymes are ſung,
By which the Winter doth ſuſtain no wrong.
So I to write ſome merry verſes meant,
Which ſtraight were puniſht with ſad baniſhment.
Of all theſe former writers there was none,
Whoſe Muſe did ruine him, but I alone.
If I had jeſted in ſome Mimick vein,
Which wanton Scenes of love doth ſtill contain.

In which the Lover does come forth to wooe,
And wanton wives do cheat their husbands too:
Yet these, Maids, Matrons, and old men delight,
And 'fore the Senate acted are by night.
Whose wanton language doth the ear prophane,
Making loose offers at those acts of shame.
When husbands are beguil'd by pretty wayes,
They applaud the Poet, and do give him bayes.
He gains by being punish'd for his crimes,
And makes the *Prætor* pay more for his lines.
And when (great *Cæsar*) thou dost set forth playes,
The Poet's pay'd, that did the plot first raise.
Which thou beholdest, and hast set out to view,
Whereby thou dost thy gracious mildness shew.
And with those eyes which makes the world to fear,
Thou saw'st the Scenes of love that acted were.
If Mimicks may write in a wanton strain,
Why should my verse such punishment obtain?
Are they by licence of the stage protected?
Which makes the Mimicks bawdy jests affected.
My poems too have made the people rise,
To help attention with their greedy eyes.
Though in your house the lively pictures stand,
Of Noble-men drawn by the painters hand;
Yet have you wanton tables hanging by,
Which shew the divers shapes of venery.
Though you have *Aiax* picture full of ire,
And fierce *Medea* with her eyes like fire;
Yet *Venus* seems to dry her moistned hair,
As if from sea she newly did repair.
Let others of wars bloody tumults write,
And of thy acts which learned pens invite.
Nature hath seamed me and doth restrain,
To meaner subjects all my humble vein.
Yet *Virgil* who is read with much delight,
Doth of the acts of brave *Æneas* write.

And no part is with greater favour read,
Then where he brings him to Queen *Dido*'s bed.
Yet in his youth he did commend fair *Philis*,
And ſports himſelf in praiſing *Amarillis*.
And though I formerly in that ſame vein
Offended, yet I now do bear the blame.
I had writ verſes, when before thee I,
Amongſt the other horſe-men paſſed by.
And now my age doth even bear the blame
Of thoſe things which my younger years did frame,
My faulty books are now reveng'd at laſt,
And I am puniſh'd for a fault that's paſt.
Yet all my works are not ſo light and vain,
Sometimes I lanch'd into the deeper main.
And in ſix books *Roman* holydayes have ſhew'd,
Where with the Month each Volume doth conclude.
And to thy ſacred name did dedicate
That work, though left unperfect by my fate.
Beſides, I ſtately Tragedies have writ,
And with high words the Tragick ſtile did fit:
Beſides, of changed ſhapes my muſe did chant,
Though they my laſt life-giving hand did want.
And would thy anger were but ſo appeas'd,
As that to read my verſe thou wouldſt be pleas'd;
My verſe, where from the infant birth of things,
My Muſe her work unto thy own time brings,
Thou ſhouldſt behold the ſtrength of every line,
Wherein I ſtrive to praiſe both thee and thine.
Nor are my verſes mingled ſo with gall,
As that my lines ſhould be Satyrical.
Amongſt the vulger people none yet found,
Themſelves once touch'd, my muſe my ſelf doth wound
Therefore each generous mind I do believe,
Will not rejoyce, but at my ill fate grieve.
Nor yet will triumph o're my wretched ſtate,
Who ne're was proud even in my better fate.

O therefore let these reasons change thy mind,
That in distress I may thy favour find.
Not to return, though that perhaps may be,
When thou in time at last mayst pardon me.
But I intreat thee to remove me hence,
To safer exile fitting my offence.

LIB. III.

The Book doth to the Reader shew,
That he is loath to come to view;
And tells how he was entertain'd,
By some, while others him disdain'd.

I Am that Book who fearfully do come,
Even from a banisht man to visit *Rome*:
And coming weary from a foreign land,
Good Reader let me rest within thy hand.
Do not thou fear or be asham'd of me,
Since no love-verses in this paper be.
My Master now by fortune is oppress,
It is no time for him to write in jest;
Though in his youth he had a wanton vein,
Yet now he doth condemn that work again.
Behold! here's nothing but sad mourning lines,
So that my verse agreeth with his times.
And that my second verse is lame in strength,
Short feet do cause it, or the journies length.
Nor are my rough leaves cover'd o're with yellow,
For I my authors fortune mean to follow.
And though some blots my clearer letters stain,
Know that my authors tears did make the same.
If thou my language scarcely understand,
Know that he writ me in a barbarous land.

There-

Therefore good Reader teach me where to go,
Some place of reſt unto a ſtrange book ſhow.
This having ſaid, with words which grief made flow,
One ready was the way to me to ſhow.
I thankt him, and did pray the Gods that he,
Might like my Maſter never baniſht be.
Lead on, and I will follow by thy hand,
Though I am tir'd with paſſing ſea and Land.
He did conſent, and as we went, quoth he,
This is the holy ſtreet which thou doſt ſee.
Here's *Veſtaes* Temple that keeps holy fire,
Here *Numa's* lofty Pallace doth aſpire,
Here is *Evanders* gate, and now you come,
Unto that place where they firſt builded *Rome*.
And then quoth I, this is the houſe of *Jove*,
This oaken crown doth my conjecture prove.
He told me it was *Cæſars*, nay then, quoth I,
I ſee great *Jove* dwells here in Majeſty.
Yet why doth Bayes upon the gates appear?
And thus incircle *Cæſars* ſtatue here?
Is it becauſe his houſe doth merit praiſe?
And is beloved of the God of Bayes.
Or doth it now denote a Feſtival?
In token of that peace he gives to all.
Or as the Lawrel evermore is green,
So ſtill his houſe moſt flouriſhing hath been.
Or do thoſe letters on the wreath engrav'd,
Shew that that City by his power was ſav'd.
Oh *Cæſar!* ſave one Citizen at laſt,
Who now into the utmoſt world is caſt.
Where he ſad puniſhment doth ſtill ſuſtain,
Which he by error only did obtain.
Alaſs while I view *Cæſars* pallace here,
My letters ſeem to quake with trembling fear.
Doſt thou not ſee my paper does look pale,
And how my trembling feet begin to fail?

I pray that this ſame houſe which now I ſee,
May to my maſter reconciled be.
From thence we to *Apollo's* Temple went,
To which by ſteps there is a fair aſcent.
Where ſtand the ſignes in fair outlandiſh ſtone,
Of *Belus* and of *Palamed* the ſon.
There ancient books, and thoſe that are more new
Do all lye open to the readers view.
I ſought my brethren there, excepting them,
Whoſe hapleſs birth my father doth condemn.
And as I ſought, the chief man of that place
Bid me be gone out of that holy ſpace.
I went to Temples to the Theater-joyn'd,
But here no entertainment could I find,
Nor could I come unto the outward yard,
Which unto learned books is not debar'd,
We are heirs unto miſ-fortune by deſcent,
And we his children ſuffer baniſhment.
Perhaps when time doth *Cæſar's* wrath ſubdue,
He will to him and us ſome favour ſhew.
Since for the peoples help I do not care,
O *Cæſar*, hearken to my earneſt prayer.
Since publick ſtalls are unto me deny'd,
In private corners I my ſelf may hide:
And you *Plebeians* take in hand again
My verſes which you once repuls'd with ſhame.

ELEGIE II.

In Swan-like tunes he doth deplore
His exile, and knocks at the door
Of death, deſiring haſty fate,
His wretched life would terminate.

WAs it my fate that I ſhould *Scythia* ſee,
And the land whoſe Zenith is the Axle-tree
nAdwould not you ſweet Muſes nor *Apollo*
Help me, who did your holy rites ſtill follow?

Could not my harmleſs verſes me excuſe,
And life more ſerious then jeſting Muſe?
But that I muſt when I the Seas had paſt,
Unto the *Pontick* land be brought at laſt.
And I that ſtill my ſelf from care with-drew,
Loving ſoft eaſe, and no rough labour knew,
Having paſt great dangers both by ſea and land,
Here worſt of miſeries is by me ſuſtain'd.
Yet I endure theſe evils, for I find
My body doth receive ſtrength from my mind,
And in my paſſage to my ſad exile,
I with my ſtudy did my cares beguile:
But when I did my journeys end attain,
And that unto the hated ſhore I came;
Then from mine eyes a ſhower of tears did flow,
Like water running from the melted ſnow.
And then my houſe and *Rome* comes in my mind,
And every thing that I had left behind.
Alaſs that I ſhould knock ſtill at the grave,
To be let in, yet can no entrance have.
Why have I ſtill eſcaped from the ſword?
Could not the ſea to me a death afford?
You Gods who conſtant are in your juſt ire,
And do with *Cæſar* in revenge conſpire,
I do beſeech you haſten on my fate,
And bid death open unto me the gate.

ELEGIE III.

He lets his wife here underſtand,
Of his ſickneſs in a forraign land.
Then writes his Epitaph, with intent
To make his books his monument.

THat this my Letter by a ſtrangers hand
Is writ, the cauſe, my ſickneſs underſtand;
For in the worlds remoteſt part I lye
Sick, and uncertain of recovery.

What

What comfort can within that climate ſhine,
On which the *Getes* and *Sauramates* confine;
My nature does not with the ſoil agree,
The air and water does ſeem ſtrange to me.
My ſhelter poor, my diet here is bad,
No health-reſtoring phyſick can be had.
No friend to comfort me, who will aſſay
With ſome diſcourſe to paſs the time away.
But here upon my bed of ſickneſs caſt,
I think of many things which now are paſt.
And thou my deareſt wife above the reſt,
Doſt hold the chiefeſt place within my breaſt.
Thy abſent name is mentiond ſtill by me,
And every day and night I think on thee.
Sometimes I ſpeak things without ſence or wit,
That I may name thee in my frantick fit.
If I ſhould ſwound, and that no heating wine,
Could give life to this faultring tongue of mine.
To hear of thy approach would make me live,
Thy very preſence would new vigor give.
Thus I moſt doubtful of life am grown,
But thou perhaps liv'ſt merrily at home.
No, I dare ſay, that thou my deareſt wife,
Doſt in my abſence lead a mourning life.
Yet if the number of my years be done,
And that my haſty thread of life is ſpun,
You Gods you might with eaſe have let me have,
Within my native land a happy grave.
If that you would have let my death prevent,
My fatal journey unto baniſhment;
Then had I dy'd in my integrity,
But now I here a baniſh'd man muſt dye.
And ſhall I here reſign my weary breath,
The place makes me unhappy in my death.
Upon my bed I ſhall not fall aſleep,
And none upon my Coffin here ſhall weep.

or ſhall my wives tears, while that they do fall
pon my face, me unto life recal.
hall not make my will, nor with ſad cryes
o friendly hand ſhall cloſe my dying eyes.
ithout a Tomb or Funeral I ſhall be,
hile as the barbarous earth doth cover me.
hich when thou heareſt, be not with grief oppreſt,
or do not thou for ſorrow beat thy breaſt.
hy ſhouldſt thou ring thy tender hands in vain,
r call upon thy wretched husbands name?
ear not thy cheeks, nor cut thy hair for me,
or I am not (good wife) now took from thee.
hen I was baniſht then I dy'd, alas!
or baniſhment than death more heavy was.
ow I would have thee to rejoyce (good wife)
nce all my grief is ended with my life.
nd bear thy ſorrows with a valiant heart:
il-haps have taught thee how to play thy part.
nd with my body may my ſoul expire,
hat ſo no part may ſcape the greedy fire.
r if to *Pythagoras* we may credit give,
ho ſaith the ſoul eternally doth live:
y ſoul 'mongſt the *Sarmatick* ſhades ſhall ſtray,
nd to the cruel ghoſts ne're find the way.
et let my aſhes be put in an Urn,
o being dead I ſhall again return.
his lawful is, the *Thracian* being dead,
s loving ſiſter ſaw him buried.
nd let ſweet powders round my bones be laid,
nd ſo into ſome ſecret place convey'd;
raving theſe Verſes on a Marble ſtone,
Letters to be read by every one.
Ovid, *that did write of wanton Love,*
Lye here, my Verſe my overthrow did prove.
Thou that haſt been in Love, and paſſeſt by,
Pray ſtill that Ovids *bones may ſoftly lye.*

This Epitaph ſhall ſuffice, ſince my books be
A far more laſting Monument to me.
Which though they hurt me, yet ſhall raiſe my name
And give their Author everlaſting fame.
Yet let thy love in Funeral gifts be ſhew'd,
And bring ſweet Garland with thy tears be-dew'd.
Thoſe aſhes which the funeral fire ſhall leave,
Will in their Urn thy pious love perceive.
More would I write, but that my voice is ſpent,
Nor can my dry tongue ſpeak what I invent.
Then take my laſt words to thee; live in health,
Which though I ſend to thee, I want my ſelf.

ELEGIE IV.

Ovid doth his friend adviſe,
A life of greatneſs to deſpiſe.
Since Thunder doth the hill aſſail,
While quiet peace lives in the vale.

MY always deareſt friend, but then moſt known
When I by adverſe Fortune was o're-throwne,
If thou wilt take the Counſel of a friend,
Live to thy ſelf, do not too high aſcend.
Since Thunder from the higheſt Tower doth come,
Live to thy ſelf and glittering titles ſhun:
For though the beams of greatneſs may us warm,
Yet greateſt men have greateſt power to harm.
The naked ſail-yard fears no ſtorms at all,
And greater ſails more dangerous are then ſmall.
The floating Cork upon the waves doth ſwim,
While heavy lead doth ſink the Net therein.
Of theſe things had ſome friend admoniſht me,
Perhaps I had been ſtill at *Rome* with thee,
While as a gentle wind did drive me on,
My boat through quiet ſtreams did run along.

He that by chance doth fall upon the plain,
He falleth so that he may rise again.
But when *Elpenor* from a high house fell,
His ghost went down to *Pluto* King of Hell.
Though *Dædalus* his wings did him sustain,
Yet falling *Icarus* gave the Sea his name.
Because that he flew high, the other low,
While both of them their wings abroad did throw.
The man that unto solitude is bent,
Doth live most happy if he be content.
Eumenes of his Son was not deprived,
Until that he *Achilles* Horses guided.
And *Phaethon* had not dyed in the flame,
If that his Father could his will refrain.
Then fear thou still to take the higher way,
And in thy course draw in thy sails I pray,
Thou worthy art to live most fortunate,
And to enjoy a candid happy fate.
Thy gentle love deserves this praise of mine,
Since thou didst cleave to me in every time.
Saw how that thy grief for me was shown,
Even in thy looks most like unto my own.
Saw thy tears which on my face did fall,
And with my tears I drunk thy words withal.
Now to thy absent friend thou yield it relief,
Thereby to lighten this my heavy grief.
Live thou unenvy'd, honour crown thy end,
For thou art worthy of a noble friend.
And love thy *Ovid's* name, which cannot be,
Unlike, though *Scythia* now containeth me.
For me a land near to the Bear doth hold,
Whereas the earth is frozen up with cold.
Here *Bosphorus* and *Tanais* doth remain,
And places which have scarcely any name.
Inhabitable cold doth dwell beyond,
But I am near unto the farthest land.

My Country and my wife are absent far,
And with them two, all things that dearest are.
Yet though with them I cannot present be,
Within my fancy I their shape do see;
My house, the City stands before my eyes,
And all my actions in their place do rise.
My wives dear Image doth it self present,
Which doth increase and lighten discontent.
Her absence grieveth me, but then again,
My comfort is she constant doth remain.
And you my friends do cleave unto my breast,
Whose names I wish by me might be expresst.
But wary fear doth my desire restrain,
And you I think do even wish the same,
For though that heretofore you pleased were,
When as your names did in my Verse appear:
Yet now Ile talk with you within my breast,
Nor shall your fears by my Verse be increast.
Nor shall my verse disclose a secret friend,
Love secretly, and love me to the end:
And know though we by absence are disjoyn'd,
Yet you are alwayes present in my mind.
Then strive to ease those griefs which I sustain,
And lend your hand to help me up again.
So may your fortune prosperous remain,
And never have just cause to ask the same.

ELEGIE V.

By a feigned name he doth commend
One Carus *that had been his Friend:*
And then doth mitigate his fault,
Since error him to ruin brought.

MY use of friendship with thee was but smal
And if thou wilt thou mayst say none at all

ut that thy love moſt faithful I did find,
hen as my ſhip ſail'd with a gentle wind.
hen once I fell, then all did ſhun my wrack,
nd all my friends on me did turn their back.
et thou, when I was ſtrucken with *Joves* flame,
idſt viſit me, and to my houſe then came:
nd in thy freſh acquaintance thou didſt ſhow
ore love, than all my ancient friends would do.
ſaw thy amazed countenance at that time,
hy face bedew'd with tears, more pale than mine:
nd ſeeing tears fall at each word, my ears
id drink thy words, my mouth did drink thy tears:
hou didſt imbrace my neck, and then betwixt
ome loving kiſſes with thy ſighs were mixt.
ow abſent thou defendeſt me again,
hou know'ſt that *Carus* is a feigned name:
nd many tokens of thy love appear,
hich I in memory will ever bare.
he gods ſtill make thee able to defend
hy friends unto a far more happy end.
o know how I do live if thou require,
s it is likely that thou doſt deſire:
have ſome hope, which do not take from me,
hat thoſe offended powers will pleaſed be.
hich being vain, or if it may befal,
o thou allow my hope though it be ſmall.
eſtow thy eloquence upon that theam,
o ſhew it may fall out as I do mean.
he greateſt men are placable in wrath,
generous mind a gentle anger hath,
hen Beaſts unto a Lyon proſtrate lye,
ends the combate with his enemy.
ut Wolves and Bears their yielding foes do kill,
nd the inferior beaſts are cruel ſtill.
ho like *Achilles*? yet even he appears,
o be much mov'd with *Dardanus* ſad tears.

Emathion's clemency is best declar'd
Even by those funeral rites which he prepar'd.
And that I may not mans calm'd anger show,
Even *Juno's* Son in law was once her foe.
Lastly, I needs must hope, since at this time,
I am not punisht for a hainous crime.
I did not plot against great *Cæsar's* life,
To ruine him by sowing civil strife.
I never yet did rail against the time,
Or spake against him in my cups of wine.
But am punisht for beholding of a fault,
Which I through ignorance beheld, unsought.
Yet all my fault I cannot well defend,
Though in part thereof I did not ill intend.
So that I hope that he will pleased be,
To grant an easier banishment to me.
I wish the morning-star that brings the day,
Would bring this news and quickly post away.

ELEGIE VI.

His friends fidelity he doth praise,
And to excuse himself assaies,
Desiring if he have any grace
At Rome, *to use it in his case.*

OUr league of friendship thou wilt not conceal
Or if thou wouldst, it would it self reveal.
For while we might, none was more dear to me,
And I do know I was belov'd of thee.
And this our love was to the people known,
So that our Love more than our selves was known.
The candor of thy mind is easily seen,
Of him who for thy friend thou dost esteem.
Thou nothing from my knowledge didst conceal,
And I my secrets did to thee reveal.

For all my heart and secrets thou didst know,
Excepting that which wrought my overthrow. (me
Which hadst thou known, thou wouldst have councel'd
So well, that I should never banisht be.
But 'twas my fate drew on my punishment,
And crossed me in any good intent.
Yet whether that I might this evil shun,
Our reason cannot fortune overcome:
Yet thou to me my old acquaintance art,
And of my love thou holdst the greatest part.
Be mindful then, and if thou gracious be
At Court, then try what thou canst do for me.
That *Cæsar* being unto mildness bent,
May change the place of my sad banishment.
Even as I did no wickedness devise,
Since that my fault from error did arise.
It would be tedious, not safe to unfold,
By what chance these eyes did that act behold,
Such shameful deeds as do the ear affright,
Should be concealed in eternal night.
I must confess therefore my former fault,
Yet no reward by my offence I sought.
And for my fault I may my folly blame,
If to my fault thou wilt give a true name.
If this be false then further banish me,
These places like unto *Romes* Suburbs be.

ELEGIE VII.

The Letter here he doth command,
To fly unto Perhilla's *hand.*
And sheweth that the Musts give
Immortal fame which still shall live.

GO thou my Letter being writ so fast,
And to salute *Perhilla* make thou haste.

To ſit hard by her mother ſhe ſtill uſes,
Or elſe to be amongſt her Books and Muſes:
What ere ſhe does, when ſhe knows thou art com
She'l ask thee how I do that am undone;
Tell her I live, but wiſh I did not ſo,
Since length of time can never eaſe my woe.
Yet to my Muſe I now returned am,
Making my words to Verſe to flow again:
And ask her why ſhe doth her mind apply
To common ſtudies, not ſweet Poeſy?
Since Nature firſt did make thee chaſt and fair,
Giving thee wit, with other things moſt rare.
I firſt to thee the Muſes ſpring did ſhow,
Leſt that ſweet water ſhould at waſte ſtill flow.
For in thy Virgin years thy wit I ſpy'd,
And was as 'twere thy father and thy guide.
Then if thoſe fires ſtill in thy breaſt do dwell,
There's none but *Lesbia* that can thee excel:
But I do fear that ſince I am orethrown,
That now thy breaſt is dull and heavy grown:
For while we might we both did read our lines,
I was thy Judge and Maſter oftentimes.
And to thy Verſes I an ear would lend,
And make thee bluſh, when thou didſt make an end
Yet now perhaps it may be thou doſt ſhun
All books, becauſe my ruin thence did come:
Fear not *Perilla*, but all fear remove,
So that thy writings do not teach to love:
Then, learned Maid, no cauſe of ſloath ſtill frame,
But to thy ſacred art return again.
That comely face will ſoon be ſpoyl'd with years,
VVhile aged wrinckles in thy brow appears;
Old age will lay hold on thy outward grace,
VVhich cometh on ſtill with a ſilent pace.
To have been fair it will a grief then be,
And thou wilt think thy glaſs doth flatter thee.

Th

Thy wealth is ſmall, though thou deſerveſt more,
But yet ſuppoſe thou hadſt of wealth great ſtore:
Yet fortune when ſhe liſts doth give and take,
And of rich *Cræſus* ſhe can *Irus* make,
All things are ſubject to morrality,
Except the mind and ingenuity.
For though I want my Country, Friends, and home,
And all things took from me that could be gone.
Yet ſtill my Muſes do with me remain,
And *Cæſar* cannot take away my vein.
Who though he ſhould me of my life deprive,
Yet ſhall my Fame when I am dead ſurvive.
While *Rome* on ſeven hills doth ſtand in ſight,
My works ſhall ſtill be read with much delight.
Then of thy ſtudy make this happy uſe,
To ſhun the power of death even by thy Muſe.

ELEGIE VIII.

His Country he deſires to ſee,
If Cæſar *would ſo pleaſed be.*
Then mournfully he doth complain,
And ſhews what grief he doth ſuſtain.

I Wiſh I could *Triptolemus* Wain aſcend,
VVho firſt did ſeed unto the earth commend:
Or guide *Medea*'s Dragons through the air,
With which ſhe once from *Corinth* did repair:
I wiſh that I had *Perſeus* wings to fly
Or *Dædalus* his wings to cut the Sky.
That while the air did yield unto my flight,
I might injoy again my Countries ſight,
And ſee my poor forſaken houſe again,
My wife, and thoſe few friends that do remain.
But why doſt thou ſo fooliſhly require.
When thou can'ſt ne'r attain to thy deſire?

In-

In stead of wishes unto *Cæsar* send,
And strive to please him whom thou didst offend.
If he repeal thy banishment, his word,
Can give thee wings to fly like to a bird.
Perhaps when once his wrath doth milder grow,
He to my sute will then some favour shew:
And I beseech him now in the mean time,
Some easier place of exile to assign.
This air and climate both contrary be,
Continual sickness seizeth here on me.
Either my sick mind makes by body ill,
Or esse the air doth some disease instill.
Since I to *Pontus* came, each night I dream,
I do distaste my meat, my limbs grow lean.
Like that pale colour which in leaves is seen,
When they by Autumns frost have nipped been.
So do I look being pin'd away with grief,
Having no friend to yield me some relief.
For I am sick in body and in mind,
In both of which I equal pain do find.
Methinks my fortune stands before my eyes,
In a sad shape repleat with miseries.
When I behold the people and the place,
Comparing past time with my present case,
Then I am willing to resign my breath,
Wishing I had been punished with death:
But yet since that he was more milder bent;
Let him now grant me milder banishment.

ELEGIE IX.

Ovid *briefly doth explain,*
How Tomos *first did get that name.*

ARe here some Cities (who can it believe)
That from the *Greeks* did first their name receive?

While

While husbandmen even from *Miletus* came,
And 'mongſt the *Getes* did *Grecian* houſes frame.
Yet this ſame place doth anciently retain,
Still from *Abſyrtus* murder, this ſame name:
For in that ſhip which *Pallas* name did bear,
And in thoſe unknown Seas her courſe did ſtear.
While fierce *Medea* from her father fled,
Unto theſe ſhores her fatal ſails ſhe ſpred:
Which from a hill one viewing on the land,
Cries out, *Medea's* ſails do hither ſtand.
The *Mynie* trembled, and without delay,
Unty their ropes, and all their anchors weigh:
While that *Medea* ſtruck her guilty breaſt,
With that ſame hand which had in blood been dreſt.
And though her former courage did remain,
Yet ſtill her blood in paleneſs went and came:
But when ſhe ſaw the ſails, we are betray'd
Quoth ſhe, my fathers courſe muſt be delay'd,
By ſome new art: while thus ſhe doth deviſe,
By fatal chance, her brother ſhe eſpies.
And having ſpide him, now quoth ſhe 'tis done,
For from his death my ſafety now ſhall come.
And with a ſword ſhe ran him through the ſide,
Who little thought by her hand to have dy'd.
Then tear's his limbs in pieces, and on the ground,
She ſcatters them that ſo they may be found
In many places: and that her father may
Not paſs by it, ſhe places in the way
His bleeding Head, and both his pale cold hands,
Which ſet upon a rock before him ſtands.
And while that horrid ſight did ſtop her father,
He ſtay'd his courſe thoſe ſcattered limbs to gather,
Whence *Tomos* got that name, becauſe that here,
Medea firſt her brothers limbs did tear.

ELEGIE X.

Ovid lively doth describe
The Country where he doth abide:
Which in this short map you may view,
Which he in banishment then drew.

IF any yet do think of *Naso's* name,
Which yet within the City doth remain:
Know that I live within a barbarous Land,
Which neer unto the Northern pole doth stand.
The *Sauromates* and *Getes* do hemm me in,
Whose ruder names my Verse do not beseem.
While the air is warm, we then defended are,
By *Ister*, whose fair stream keeps back the war.
But when that *Boreas* once doth fly abroad,
Those Countries he with heavy snow doth load.
Nor doth the snow dissolve by Sun or Rain,
But the North-wind doth make it still remain:
New snow doth fall on that which fell before,
While that the earth is doubly covered o're.
Such is the North-winds force when it doth blow,
That Towers and Houses it doth overthrow.
The people wear short mantles 'gainst the cold,
So that their faces you can scarce behold;
From their Icy hair a ruffling sound is heard,
A hory frost doth shine upon their beard.
The frozen wine doth keep the Vessels shape,
And instead of draughts, they peeces of it take.
Of Rivers frozen, what should I here tell?
Or yet of water digged from the Well:
For *Ister*, which with *Nile* may equal be,
Whose many mouth doth fall into the Sea,
His blue waves hidden o're with ice doth keep,
And so unseen into the Sea doth creep.

Where

Where ſhips did ſail, their feet they now do ſet,
And on the ice the Horſes hoof doth beat.
The *Sarmatian* Oxen draw their waggons over
New-Bridges, which the running waters cover.
'Tis ſtrange, yet lying brings me no reward,
And therefore my report you may regard.
We have ſeen when as the ice the Sea did cover,
While that a ſhell of ice did glaze it over:
And on the frozen ſea have often gone,
While with a dry foot we could walk thereon.
And had *Leander* ſuch a ſhore deſcry'd,
Then in that narrow ſea he had not dy'd.
The crooked Dolphins, cannot then repair
Unto the upper waves to take the air,
And though that *Boreas* bluſtering wings were heard,
Yet no waves in the frozen ſea appear'd.
The ſhips were frozen up that there did ride,
Nor could the Oares the ſtiſned waves divide.
We have ſeen the fiſh within the ice lye bound,
While that in ſome of them ſome life was found.
If *Boreas* therefore with too powerful force,
Do freez the ſea or ſtop the rivers courſe:
When *Iſter* by dry winds is once congeal'd,
The barbarous foe no longer is conceal'd.
Who skilful in their horſeman-ſhip and bow,
Do waſt the Country whereſoere they go.
While ſome do fly, and none defend the fields,
Their unkept wealth ſome little pillage yields.
Their riches is their cattle and their wains,
And that which their poor Cottages contains:
And ſome that by the foe are captive took,
Do leave their Country with a back caſt look.
Some by the barbed arrows here do dye,
That with their poiſoned heads do ſwiftly fly.
That which they cannot take, they ſpoyl the ſame,
And make their harmleſs Cottages to flame.

When

When they have peace they ſtand in fear of war,
So that the fields by no man ploughed are.
The grape is not hid in the leavy ſhade,
Nor are the veſſels fill'd with wine new made.
Acontius could not here an Apple finde,
To write unto his Sweet-heart in the rinde:
Here the naked fields have neither leaf nor tree,
For it's a place mark'd out for miſery.
And though the word hath ſuch a large extent,
This land is found out for my puniſhment.

ELEGIE XI.

Sweet Ovid *is enforc'd to writt,*
Gainſt one who raild at him in ſpight:
Who mildly here here he doth reprove,
And unto pitty doth him move.

THou that my ſad misfortune doſt contemn,
And cruelly doſt alwayes me condemn,
Wert nurſed on the rocks by ſome wild beaſt,
And I may ſay, thou haſt a flinty breaſt.
O whither can thy wrath extended be?
Or what is wanting to my miſery?
The barbarous ſhores of *Pontus* me enfold,
And here the Northern Bear I do behold.
The peoples ſpeech I underſtand not here,
And every place is full of careful fear.
For as the Hart perſu'd by Bears doth ſhake,
Or as a Lamb hem'd in by wolves doth quake;
So when theſe nations do me round incloſe,
I am afraid being compaſs'd in with foes.
Suppoſe it were no puniſhment to me,
Of wife and children thus depriv'd to be:
Though nothing troubled me but *Cæſar's* wrath,
Sufficient puniſhment his anger hath.

Yet

Yet there are some who handle my green wounds,
And to speak gainst me have let loose their tongues.
In easie matters every one can speak,
And little strength a bruised thing can break.
It shews some strength to throw down walls that stand,
When falling Towers yield to the weakest hand,
Why dost thou persecute my empty shade?
Or why dost thou my grave with stones invade?
Though *Hector* in the wars did shew his force,
It was not *Hector* that behind a horse
Was drawn about? nor am I now the same,
And nothing but my shadow doth remain:
Why dost thou rail on me with words so foul?
I pray thee do not seek to vex my soul,
Suppose my faults were true, my cheefest fault
Was not my wickedness but errour wrought?
Then glut thy anger with my punishment,
For I am sent to grievous banishment.
A murtherer would lament my unhappy fate,
Thou think'st me not enough unfortunate.
More cruel than *Busyris*, or that man,
Who first to make a brazen Bull began:
And on the *Sicilian* Tyrant it bestow'd,
While thus in words his Art to him he shew'd.
This work O King! may far more useful be,
Than the outward shape doth seem to promise thee.
For look, the Bulls side may be open'd so,
That whom thou meanst to kill, thou needs but throw
Into his belly, and being inclos'd therein,
Put fire beneath, and then he will begin
To roar, and make a groaning noise as though
The brazen Bull it self began to Lowe:
Therefore to recompence my guilt again,
Let my reward be equal to my pain.
Phalaris reply'd, since that thou didst invent,
This cruel torment for a punishment:

Thou

Thou firſt ſhall feel it, and ſo being thrown
Into the Bull, he there began to groan.
But from *Sicilia* I return again,
Of thee that rail'ſt on me I muſt complain:
If thou deſireſt to quench thy thirſt with blood,
And that to hear my grief would do thee good:
I have ſuffer'd ſo much both by ſea and land,
That thou wouldſt grieve the ſame to underſtand.
Ulyſſes was not in ſo great diſtreſs,
Since *Neptunes* anger, is than *Joves* far leſs.
Then do not thou rip up my faults again,
And from my bleeding wound thy hands reſrain,
Let time my former fault in darkneſs cover,
That this ſame wound may once be skinned over,
Sith fortune throws down whom ſhe doth advance,
Be thou afraid of her uncertain chance.
And ſince thou haſt a great deſire to pry,
And wouldſt be glad to know my miſery:
My fortune is of miſery moſt full,
For *Cæſars* wrath all ill with it doth pull.
And if thou think'ſt I do the ſame augment,
I wiſh that thou might'ſt feel my puniſhment.

ELEGIE XII.

Though it be Spring-time every where,
No Spring in Tomos *doth appear:*
Which makes him pray here to be ſent,
Unto ſome milder baniſhment.

NOw *Zephyrus* warms the air, the year is run,
And the long ſeeming winter now is done:
The Ram which bore fair *Hellen* once away,
Hath made the dark night equal to the day.
Now boyes and girls do the ſweet Violets get,
Which in the Country often grow unſet.

Fa

ir colour'd flowers in the Meadows spring,
nd now the birds their untaught notes do sing.
he Swallow now doth build her little nest,
nder some beam, wherein her eggs may rest.
he seed which long since in the ground was laid,
now shot forth into a tender blade.
nd now young buds upon the Vine appear,
though the *Getick* shore no tree doth bear;
is their Vocation, and the wars at Court,
o now give place to plaies and other sport:
ow they do Tilt, and fears of arms assay,
ow with the ball, and with the top they play.
oung men annointed now with oyl, begin
o bath their limbs within the virgin spring:
he scene doth flourish, and new strains are found,
hich makes the three Theaters to resound.
four times happy sure, and more is he,
hat to enjoy the City now is free.
t here I see the snow melt with the Sun,
he undigg'd waters now begin to run.
he Sea is not frozen, nor doth the Swain
ver the *Ister* drive his creaking wain.
et when that any ships doth hither sail,
nd Anchor at our shore, then without fail;
un to the Master, and after salutation,
sk him whence he comes, and of what Nation.
nd 'tis a wonder if he be not one
hat from some neighbour country then doth come.
om *Italy* few ships do ever stand,
o come unto this haven wanting land.
hether his language Greek or Latin be,
e latter is most welcome unto me.
any from *Propontis* here arrive,
hile a north-wind his spreading sails doth drive:
may enform me of the common fame,
d orderly he may relate the same.

For of Great *Cæsar's* Triumph I do hear,
And of those vows to *Jove* performed were.
And how rebelling *Germany* in the end,
Beneath our Captains feet her head did bend.
He that shall tell me these things here expresst,
I will invite him home to be my guest.
Alas! does *Ovid's* house alone now stand?
Being seated here within the *Stygian* land:
May *Cæsar* make this house of mine to be,
Only an Inn of punishment to me.

ELEGIE XIII.

Against his Birth-day he doth complain,
Which was now return'd in vain.

BEhold my Birth-day, (for why was I born?)
Doth vainly unto me again return,
Hard-hearted day, why dost thou still extend,
My years, to which thou should'st have put an e
If thou hadst any care of me or shame,
Thou wouldst not thus have followed me in vain.
But in that place have given me my death,
Where in my child-hood first I drew my breath.
And with my friends that now at *Rome* do dwell,
Thou mightst at once have took thy last farewell.
What's *Pontus* unto thee, or art thou sent,
By *Cæsars* wrath with me to banishment?
Dost thou expect thy wonted honour here?
While I a white robe on my shoulders wear.
Or that fair Garlands should environ round,
The smoaking Altar with sweet incense Crown'
Offering such gifts as may befit the day,
While for thy prosperous return I pray.
But now I do not live in such a time,
That when thou com'st I shoud to mirth incline

A funeral Altar doth become me now,
That may be ſtuck round with the Cypreſs bough.
Now incenſe to the Gods were caſt away;
While in my depth of grief I cannot pray.
Yet one requeſt upon this day I'le name,
That to this place thou ne're return again.
While in the fartheſt *Pontick* ſhore I live,
Which falſely ſome the name of *Euxine* give.

ELEGIE XIV.

Here he writes unto his Friend,
That he would his books defend.

THou chief of Learned men, what maketh thee;
A friend unto my idle vein to be?
When I was ſafe then thou my lines didſt praiſe,
And being abſent thou my fame doſt raiſe.
And all my verſes thou doſt entertain,
Except the *Art of Love* which I did frame.
Since then thou loveſt the new Poets ſtrain,
Within the City ſtill keep up my Name.
For I, and not my books, am baniſht thence,
Which they could not deſerve by my offence.
The Father oft is baniſhed we ſee,
While as his Children in the City be:
My verſes now, are like to *Pallas*, born,
Without a Mother; and being ſo forlorne,
I ſend them unto thee, for they bereft,
Of Father, now unto thy charge are left.
Three ſons of mine by me deſtroyed were,
But of the reſt ſee that thou have a care.
And fifteen books of changed ſhapes there lyes,
Being raviſht from their Maſters obſequies.
That work I had unto perfection brought,
If that I had not my own ruin wrought.

Which uncorrected now the people have,
If any thing of mine the people crave.
Let this among my other books now ſtand,
Being ſent unto thee from a foraign Land.
Which whoſo reads, let him but weigh again
The time and place, wherein I did it frame:
He will pardon me, when he ſhall underſtand,
That I was baniſht in a barbarous Land.
And will admire that in my adverſe time,
With a ſad hand I could draw forth a line:
Miſ-fortunes have depriv'd me of my ſtrain,
Although before I ne're had a rich vein.
Yet whatſoe're it was, even now it lies
Dryed up for want of any exerciſe.
Here are no books to feed me with delight,
But inſtead of books the bows do me affright.
Here's none to whom I may my lines rehearſe,
That can both hear and underſtand my verſe.
I have no place where I may walk alone,
But with the *Getes* ſhut up in walls of ſtone.
Sometimes I aſk for ſuch a places name,
But there is none can anſwer me again.
And when I fain would ſpeak, I muſt confeſs,
I want fit words my mind for to expreſs.
The *Scythian* language doth my ear affright,
So that the *Getick* tongue I ſure could write,
I fear leſt you within this book ſhould ſee,
That *Pontick* words with Latin mingled be.
Yet read it, and thereto a pardon give,
When thou conſidereſt in what ſtate I live.

LIB. IV. ELEGIE I.

To excuse his Books he doth begin,
And shews how his Muse did comfort him.

IF any faults are in these books of mine,
Have them excused Reader by their time.
I sought no fame, but only some relief,
That so my mind might not think on her grief.
Even as the ditcher bound with fetters strong,
Will lighten heavy labour with a song.
And he will sing that with a bended side,
Both draw the slow boat up against the Tide.
And he that at the Oar doth tug with pain,
Doth sing while he puts back his Oar again.
The weary shepherd sitting on a hill,
Doth please his sheep with piping on his quill.
And every Maid within the Country bred,
Will sing while she is drawing forth her thread.
Achilles being sad for *Briseis* loss,
The *Hæmonian* Harp did soften that same cross.
While *Orpheus* for his wife much grief did shew,
With his sweet tunes the woods and stones he drew.
So did my Muse delight me as I went,
And bore me company in my banishment.
She fear'd no treachery, nor the souldiers hand,
Nor yet the wind, or sea, or barbarous land.
She knew what error first my ruin brought,
And that there was no wickedness in my thought.
And since from her my fault did first proceed,
She is made guilty with me of that deed.
Yet still the fear of harm me so affrights,
I scarce dare touch the Muses holy rites.

But now a ſudden fury doth me move,
And being hurt by verſe, yet verſe I love.
Even as *Uliſſes* took delight to taſte
The Lot-tree, which did hurt him at the luſt.
The Lover feels his loſs, yet does delight
In it, and ſeeks to feed his appetite.
So books delight me, which did me confound,
Loving the Dart which gave me this ſame wound.
Perhaps this ſtudy may a fury ſeem,
And yet to many it hath uſeful been.
It makes the mind that it cannot retain,
Her grief in ſight, but doth forget the ſame.
As ſhe nere felt the wound which *Baccus* gave,
But wildly on the *Idean* hills did rave.
So when a ſacred fire my breaſt doth warme,
My higher fancy doth all ſorrow ſcorne,
It feels no baniſhment or *Pontick* ſhore,
Nor thinks the Gods are angry any more.
And as if I ſhould drink dull *Lethes* water,
I have no ſenſe of any ſorrow after.
Needs muſt thoſe Goddeſſes then honour'd be,
Who from their *Helicon* did come with me.
And for to follow me they ſtill did pleaſe,
Either by foot, by ſhipping, or by ſeas.
And may they gracious unto me abide,
Since that the Gods are all on *Cæſar*'s ſide:
While thoſe griefs which they heap on me are more
Then fiſh in ſeas, or ſands upon the ſhore
The flowers in ſpring-time thou maieſt ſooner tell,
Or Autumns apples, or the ſnow that fell,
Then all my griefs, being toſſed too and fro,
While I unto the *Euxine* ſhore do go.
Where come, I found no change of miſery,
As if ill-fortune ſtill did follow me.
My thred of life in one courſe here doth run,
Of black and diſmal wooll this thread is ſpun.

Thou

Though I omit my dangers and my grief,
I've seen such miseries as are past belief.
Amongst the barbarous *Getts* how can he live,
To whom the people once such praise did give?
How grievous is it to be lockt within
A walled Town, and yet scarce safe therein?
For in my Youth all war I did detest,
And never handled weapons but in jest.
Now in my hands a sword and shield I bear,
And on my gray hairs I a Helmet wear.
For when the watchman standing in his place,
Doth give some sign, then all do arme apace.
The enemy with his poysoned shafts and bow,
On their proud Steeds about the walls do go:
And as the Wolf do bear a sheep away,
Into the woods which from the fold did stray.
So those that once are strayed beyond the Gate,
The foe comes on them, and doth take them straight.
Then like a captive they his neck do chain,
Or else with poyson'd Arrows he is slain.
In this place I a Dweller am become,
Alass my time of life too slow doth run.
Yet to my verse I do return again,
My friendly Muse doth me in grief sustain.
Yet there is none to whom I may recite
My verse, or hear the Latin which I write.
But to my self I do both write and read,
And then to judge my self I do proceed.
Oft I have said, why do I take this vein?
Or shall the *Getts* delight in *Ovids* name?
Oft while I write, my eyes to weeping set,
And every letter with my tear is wet.
And then my heart renews her grief again,
While on my bosom showers of tears do rain,
When as my former state comes in my thought,
Thinking to what my fortune hath me brought.

Oft my mad hand, even angry with my vein,
Hath caſt my verſes into the quick flame.
Then ſince of many, theſe few do remain,
Who e're thou art, with pardon read the ſame.
And *Rome* do thou take in good part each line,
Though each verſe be no better than my time.

ELEGIE II.

He grieves that he could not preſent be,
At the triumph of conquer'd Germany.

NOw haughty *Germany* (as the world hath done
May kneel to *Cæſar*, being overcome.
Now the high palaces are with garlands dight,
And ſmoaking incenſe turns the day to night.
Now the white ſacrifice by the Axe is ſlain,
And with his purple blood the earth doth ſtain.
And both the conquering *Cæſars* do prepare,
To give the Gods thoſe gifts which promis'd were
And all the young men born under his name,
Do pray that ſtill his progeny may raign:
And *Livia* ſince the Gods her ſon did ſave,
Preſents thoſe gifts which they deſerve to have.
The Matrons and thoſe free from bad deſire,
Who living Virgins, keep the veſtal fire:
The People and the Senate too are glad,
And Gentry, 'mongſt whom once a name I had.
Theſe publick joyes to me here are unknown,
And but a weak report doth hither come.
But on theſe triumphs may the people look,
And read what towns were by ſuch Captains took,
VVhile as the captive Kings to encreaſe the ſhow,
Before the plumed horſes chained go.
VVith countenances to their fortune chain'd,
Once terrible, now from themſelves eſtrang'd.

VVhile

While some desire their cause and names to know,
One knowing little thus describes the show.
He that in yonder purple robe doth shine,
Was Captain of the war, and next to him
He whose sad eyes fixt on the ground appear,
Bore not that look, when he his arms did bear.
That cruel man whose eyes still burning are,
By council did incite them unto war.
This fellow did false ambushments provide,
Whose shaggy hair his ugly face doth hide.
This fellow kill'd the Captives which he took,
Although the Gods such offerings did not brook.
These Mountains, Rivers, Castles, which you see,
Were fill'd with blood of men which slaughter'd be,
Here *Drusus* did his honour first obtain,
Being worthy of that house from whence he came.
Here *Rhene* with blood of men was colour'd over,
While no green reeds his winding banks did cover.
Behold how *Germany* with her long hair spread,
Sits at his feet who hath her conquered:
And to the *Roman* axe her neck doth yield,
Her hands being chain'd which once did bear a shield.
And above these great *Cæsar* thou art carryed,
Through all the people in thy conquering chariot.
Thy subjects by loud shouts their love do shew,
While all the way with sweetest flowers the strew.
Thy temples crowned with *Phœbean* Bayes,
The souldiers singeth *Io* to thy praise.
While thy four Chariot-horses by the way,
Heated with noise do often stop and stay.
Then to the Tower and Temples favouring thee,
Thou goest, where gifts to *Jove* shall offered be.
These things I can within my mind review,
For it hath power an absent place to shew.
Through spacious lands it can most freely stray,
And unto Heaven find the ready way.

By help whereof the City I do ſee,
That of this good I may partaker be.
It ſhews the Ivory Chariots which do ſhine,
So I ſhall be at home even for a time:
The happy people ſhall behold this ſight,
And for to ſee their Captain take delight.
But I muſt ſee it by imagination,
My ears ſhall taſte the fruit of the relation.
For being baniſht to a Foraign Land,
To tell me of it here is none at hand.
Yet he that this late triumph tells to me,
When e're I hear him I ſhall joyful be.
And on that day no ſorrow I will ſhow,
For publick joy exceeds a private woe.

ELEGIE III.

Ovid *ſeemeth to ſpeak here,*
To the conſtellations of the Bear.

YOu great and leſſer Beaſts, whereof the one
Guides *Grecian* ſhips, the other *Sydonian*:
Which from your poles view all things which you pleaſe,
And never ſet beneath the Weſtern Seas;
And while that you encompaſs in the skie,
Your circle from the earth is ſeen on high.
Look on theſe walls, o're which as they report,
Remus leapt over in his merry ſport.
And look with ſhining beams upon my Wife,
And tell me if ſhe led a conſtant life.
Alas! why doubt I in a matter clear?
Why do I waver between hope and fear?
Believe, as thou deſireſt, that all is well,
Perſwade thy ſelf ſhe doth in faith excel,
And what the fixed ſtars cannot unfold,
Tell to thy ſelf and be thou thus reſolv'd:
That as thou thinkeſt on her, ſo ſhe again
Doth think on thee, and with her keeps thy name.

And

And in her mind thy Countenance doth review,
And while ſhe lives that ſhe her love will ſhew.
When thy griev'd mind doth on thy ſorrow light,
Doth gentle ſleep forſake thy boſome quite?
Doth thy cold bed renew thy cares afreſh,
And make thee think on me in my diſtreſs?
Does night ſeem long, while ſorrows inward burn?
Do thy ſides ake while thou doſt often turn?
Yet I believe that now thou doſt no leſs,
And that thy ſorrow doth thy love expreſs.
Thou griev'ſt no leſs, than did that *Theban* Wife,
To ſee brave *Hectors* body void of life,
Drawn by *Theſſalian* horſes; yet I cannot tell,
What paſſion in thy mind I wiſh to dwell.
If thou art ſad, then I am griev'd for thee,
That of thy ſorrow I the cauſe ſhould be.
Yet gentle wife do thou lament thy loſſes,
And uſe the time to think upon thy croſſes.
Weep for my fall, to weep is ſome relief,
For that doth eaſe and carry out our grief.
And would thou couldſt lament my death, not life,
That ſo by death I might have left my Wife.
Then in my Country I had died, and dead,
Thy tears upon my corps had then been ſhed.
And thou hadſt clos'd my eyes up with thy hand,
While looking unto Heaven they did ſtand.
In an antient Tomb my aſhes had been ſpread,
And had been buried were I firſt was bred:
Laſtly, I then had died without blame,
But now my baniſhment is to me a ſhame.
Yet wretched am I if thou bluſheſt then,
When thou art call'd wife to a baniſht man.
Wretched am I if thou that name decline,
Wretched am I, if thou ſham'ſt to be mine.
Where is that time wherein thou took'ſt a pride,
In *Ovids* Name, and to be *Ovids* bride?

Where

Where is that time wherein theſe words you ſpake,
That you in being mine did pleaſure take:
Like a good wife in me you did delight,
And love encreas'd my value in your ſight:
And unto you ſo precious was I then,
That you preferred me before all men.
Then think it no diſgrace that thou art nam'd
My wife, for which thou maiſt be griev'd, not aſham'd.
When raſh *Capaneus* in the wars did fall,
Evadne bluſht not at his fault at all,
Though *Jupiter* did fire with fire ſuppreſs,
Yet *Phaeton* was beloved ne're the leſs.
And *Semele* did not loſe old *Cadmus* love,
Becauſe ſhe periſh'd by her ſute to *Jove*.
Then ſince that I am ſtrucken with *Jovis* flame,
Let not a crimſon bluſh thy fair cheek ſtain.
But with freſh courage rather me defend,
That for a good wife I may thee commend.
Shew now thy vertue in adverſity,
The way to glory through hard waies doth lie.
Who would talk of *Hector* had *Troy* happy been?
For vertue in adverſity is ſeen.
Typhis art fails when no waves are ſeen,
In health *Apollo's* art hath no eſteem.
That vertue which before time lay conceal'd
In trouble doth appear, and is reveal'd.
My fortune gives the ſcope to raiſe thy fame,
And by thy vertue to advance thy name.
Then uſe the time, for theſe unhappy daies.
Do open a fair way for to get praiſe.

ELEGIE IV.

He writes to his friend in his diſtreſs,
Whoſe name by ſigns he doth expreſs.

O Friend, though thou a Gentleman art born,
Yet thou by vertue doſt thy birth adorn.

Thy

Thy Fathers courteſie ſhineth in thy mind,
And yet this courteſie is with courage joyn'd.
In thee thy Fathers Eloquence doth dwell,
Whom none could in the *Roman* Court excel.
Then ſince by ſigns I am enforc'd to name thee,
I hope for praiſing you, you will not blame me:
'Tis not my fault, your gifts do it proclaim,
Be what you ſeem and I deſerve no blame.
Beſides, my love in verſe expreſt, I truſt,
Shall not harm thee, ſince *Cæſar* is moſt juſt:
Our Countries Father, and ſo mild, that he
Suffers his name within my verſe to be.
Nor can he now forbid it if he would,
Cæſar is publick, and a common good.
Jupiter ſometimes lets the Poets praiſe
His acts, that ſo their wits his deeds may raiſe.
Thy caſe by two examples good doth ſeem,
The one believ'd a God, the other ſeen.
Or elſe I'le take the fault, and to it ſtand,
To ſay my Letter was not in thy hand.
Nor thus by writing have I newly err'd,
With whom by words I often have conferr'd.
Then friend, leſt thou be blam'd, thou need'ſt not fear,
For it is I that muſt the envy bear.
For if you'l not diſſemble a known truth,
I lov'd your Father even from my youth.
And you know how he did approve my wit,
More than in my own judgment I thought fit,
And oftentimes he would ſpeak of my verſe,
And grace them while he did the ſame rehearſe.
Nor do I give theſe fair words unto thee,
But to thy Father, who firſt loved me.
Nor do I flatter ſince my lives acts paſt,
I can defend except it be the laſt,
And yet my fault no wicked crime can be,
If that my griefs be not unknown to thee.

It

It was an error brought me to this ſtate,
Then ſuffer me now to forget my fate.
Break not my wounds which yet ſcarce cloſed
Since reſt it ſelf can hardly help my care.
And though to ſuffer juſtly I am thought,
There was no wicked purpoſe in my fault:
Which *Cæſar* knowing, ſuffer'd me to live,
Nor to another my goods did he give.
And this ſame baniſhment perhaps ſhall ceaſe,
When length of time his anger ſhall appeaſe.
And now I pray he would me hence remove,
(If this this requeſt would not immodeſt prove.)
To ſome more quiet baniſhment, where I
Might live as far from the cruel enemy.
And ſuch is *Cæſars* clemency that he,
Would grant it, if ſome ask this boon for me.
The ſhores of *Euxine* Sea doth me contain,
Which heretofore the *Axine* they did name,
The ſeas are toſſed with a bluſtering wind.
Nor can ſtrange ſhips any ſafe harbour find,
And round about blood-eating men do live,
Thus ſea and land do equal terror give.
Not far off ſtands that curſed Altar, where
All ſtrangers to *Diana* offerd were.
Theſe bloudy kingdoms once King *Thoas* had
Not envi'd nor deſir'd, they were ſo bad.
Here the fair *Epigenian* did deviſe,
To pleaſe her Goddeſs with this ſacriſice.
Whether as ſoon as mad *Oreſtes* came,
Tormented with his own diſtracted brain,
And *Phocæus* with him, his companion,
Who two in body, were in mind but one.
To this ſad Alter they were bound, which ſtood
Before a pair of gates imbru'd with blood.
Yet in themſelves no fear of death they had,
But one friend for the others death was ſad.

The Prieſt with Faulchion drawn ſtood ready there,
With a courſe fillet bound about his hair:
But when ſhe knew her Brothers voice, ſhe came
And did imbrace him that ſhould have been ſlain.
And being glad ſhe left the place, and then
She chang'd the rites, which *Dian* did contemn.
Unto this fartheſt region I am come,
Which even Gods and men do likewiſe ſhun.
Theſe barbarous rites near my country are maintain'd,
If a barbarons country may be *Ovid*'s Land?
May thoſe winds bear me back, which took *Oreſtes*
When *Cæſar* is appeas'd for my offence. (hence

ELEGIE V.

His grief to his friend he doth reveal,
Whoſe name he on purpoſe doth conceal.

O Chiefeſt friend 'mongſt thoſe were lov'd of me,
The only ſanctuary to my miſery,
By whoſe ſweet ſpeech my ſoul reviv'd again.
As oyle pour'd in, revives the watching flame.
Who didſt not fear a faithful port to open,
And refuge to my ſhip with Thunder broken.
With whoſe revenues I ſupply'd ſhould be;
If *Cæſar* had took my own goods from me,
While violence of the time doth carry me,
Thy name's almoſt ſlipt out of memory?
Yet thou doſt know't, and touched with the flame,
Of praiſe doſt wiſh thou mightſt thy ſelf proclaim.
If thou wouldſt ſuffer it, I thy name would give,
And make them that they ſhould thy fame believe.
I fear my greatful verſe ſhould hurtful be;
Or unſeaſonable honour ſhould but hinder thee.
Since this is ſafe, rejoyce within thy mind,
That I remember thee that thou wert kind.

And

And as thou doſt, to help with Oares ſtrive,
Till *Cæſar* pleas'd, ſome gentler wind arrive.
And ſtill bear up my head which none can ſave,
But he that plung'd me in the *Stygian* wave,
And which is rare be conſtant to the end,
In every office of a ſtedfaſt friend.
So may thy fortune happily proceed,
That thou no help but others thine may need.
May ſo thy wife in goodneſs equal thee,
And in thy bed may diſcord ſeldom be.
May thy kindreds love be unto thee no other,
Than that was ſhew'd to *Caſtor* by his Brother.
May ſo thy ſon be like thee, and in's prime,
By his carriage may they know him to be thine.
May thy Daughter make thee a Father-law to be,
And give the Name of Grand-father to thee.

ELEGIE VI.

Though time all things doth aſſwage,
Yet his ſorrow more doth rage.
So that being tyr'd at length,
To bear his ſtrife he had no ſtrength.

IN time the Oxe endures the labouring plough,
And to the crooked yoke his neck doth bow:
In time the Horſe doth to the reins ſubmit,
And gently takes into his mouth the bit.
In time the *Affrick* Lyons older grow,
Nor do they ſtill their former fierceneſs ſhow.
Times makes the grape to ſwell, until the skin
Can ſcare contain the wine that is within.
Time brings the ſeed unto an ear at laſt,
And maketh Apples to be ſweet in taſte.
Time wears the plough-ſhare that doth cut the clay,
The Adamant and Flint it weares away.

This

This by degrees fierce anger doth appeaſe,
It leſſens ſorrow, and ſad hearts doth eaſe.
Thus length of time can every thing impair,
Except it be the burthen of my care.
Since I was baniſht corn hath twice been threſht,
The Grapes have twice with naked feet been preſt;
Yet in this time no patience can I gain,
My mind moſt freſhly doth her grief retain.
Even as old Oxen often ſhun the yeak,
And the horſe will not be bridled that was broke,
My preſent grief is worſe than that before,
Which by delay encreaſes more and more.
Preſent griefs better known than paſt griefs are;
And being better known they bring more care.
Beſides, 'tis ſomething, when we bring freſh ſtrength,
And are not tyr'd before with griefs ſad length.
The new wraſtler on the yellow ſand is ſtronger,
Than he whoſe arms are tyr'd with ſtriving longer:
The unwounded Fencer, better is than he,
Wherein whoſe blood the weapons dyed be.
A new built ſhip reſiſts the winds full power,
When an old one's broken with the ſmalleſt ſhower.
And we more patiently before did bear,
Thoſe ſorrows which by time encreaſed are:
Believe it I grow faint, and I am ſure,
My body will not long theſe griefs endure.
My ſtrength nor colour doth not now abide,
And my lean skin my bones can ſcarcely hide.
My body and my mind too is not well,
Which on the thought of grief doth alway dwell?
The City and my friends both abſent are,
And Wife, then whom there's none to me ſo dear:
Yet the *Scythians* and a rout of *Getts* here be,
Yet abſent things and preſent trouble me:
The hope there is which yields me ſome relief,
But death will give an end unto my grief.

ELEGIE VII.

He doeth here excuse his friend,
That no letters to him did send.

AFter cold winter twice the Sun hath come,
And through the Fishes twice his journy run:
Why was not thy right hand ready for to shew
Thy love by writing verses, though a few?
When I did open any letters seal,
Why did I hope it would thy Name reveal?
I hope many a letter hath been writ by thee,
Though none of them were yet deliver'd me,
I sooner will believe *Medusa's* head,
With snaky heirs was found encompassed;
Or *Scylla*, or *Chimera's* monstrous frame,
Lyon and Serpent parted with a flame.
Or that the *Minotaur* hath ever been,
Or *Cerberus* with his tripple Dogs face seen.
Or *Sphynx*, or *Harpies*, Gyants that had feet
Like Serpents, *Gigies*, or the *Centaures* fleet.
I will believe these things may sooner be,
Than that thou art chang'd and hast forgotten me.
For many Mountains now 'twixt thee and I,
And many Rivers, Fields, and Seas, do lye:
And many things thy Letters may prevent
From coming to us, which from thee were sent.
Overcome these lets by writing oft to us,
That I may not always excuse thee thus.

ELEGIE VIII.

Ovid grieves that he is sent,
In his old age to banishment.

MY temples like the swans soft feathers are,
And white old age doth cover my black hair.
Now idle age and weak years coming be,
And now to bear my self doth trouble me.

Now all my former labours I should end,
And without fear my life in quiet spend:
And now my mind should take her rest at leisure,
And in my study I should live at pleasure,
To my house and Gods, some honour I should grant,
And my Fathers Lands, which now their Master want.
That in my Nephews or wives bosome I,
Within my Country might grow old and die.
Thus formerly I hop'd my age should end;
And thus I had deserv'd these years to spend,
The Gods were not pleas'd, since I being tost
By tempests, am in *Sarmatia* set at last.
The bruised ships are drawn into the Dock,
Least in the Middle stream they should be broke,
Least the horse should shame his gotten victory past,
In the Meadow he is put to graze at last:
The Souldier that's unfit his arms to bear,
Hangs up his Armour which he once did wear.
So since with age my strength is now decreased,
It is time I should from labour be released.
It's no time in forain lands to stay,
Nor at a *Gaick* spring my thirst to allay,
But in my Garden now to take delight,
And then again to enjoy the Cities sight.
And thus, my mind not knowing future ill,
I wisht I might in age live quiet still.
The fates withstood, and gave me a happy time
At first, but loaded these last days of mine.
And fifty years being ended without stain,
The worst of my life I bear the blame.
Being near unto the mark at which I aim'd,
The remainder of my life sad pain gain'd.
The Chariot of my life was overthrown,
When it unto the goale was almost come;
And 'gainst me have enforc'd him to be wrath,
Than whom the world not one more clement hath.

Though my offence ore-came his clemency,
To grant me life he never did deny.
But near the North-pole I my life must lead,
In the land which by the *Euxine* Sea doth spread.
Had the *Delphian* Oracle told these things to me,
That place had seemed then most vain to be.
There's nothing though the *Adamunt* it contain,
That can be stronger than *Jove's* sudden flame.
There's nothing is so high or plac'd above
Danger, but that it is set under *Jove*.
Though part of my grief did come by my own fault
Yet *Cæsars* wrath my utter ruin wrought.
But be you now admonish'd by my fate,
To please that man who equals gods in state.

ELEGIE IX.

Here he doth admonish one,
That he proceed not to do him wrong.

SInce thou art content I will conceal thy name,
And drench thy deeds in *Lethean* waves again.
And thy late tears our mercy shall o're-come,
So thou repent of that which thou hast done.
But if hatred of us still thy bosome warmes,
My unhappy grief must take up forced arms.
Though I am banisht to the farthest lands,
My anger may from thence reach out her hands,
All right of laws great *Cæsar* did me grant,
My punishment is, my Country for to want.
And if he live, we may hope our return,
The Oake looks green which lightning once did burn.
If I had no power to revenge, at length,
The Muses then would lend me help and strength.
Though in the *Scythian* coasts I here do lie,
Whereas the starry signes are ever drye.
Yet through large spacious lands my praise shall go
And all the world my sad complaint shall know.

W

What we ſpeak in the Weſt, unto the Eaſt ſhall fly,
And the Eaſt ſhall hear my Weſtern harmony.
Beyond both lands and Seas they ſhall hear me,
In a loud voice ſhall my lamenting be.
Nor ſhall the preſent age thee only blame,
But of poſterity thou ſhalt be the ſhame.
I am now diſpos'd to fight, though I have not blown
The trumpet, and I wiſh no cauſe were known.
Though the Circk ceaſe, the Bull doth caſt aloof
The ſand, and beats the earth with his hard hoof:
And now my Muſe ſound the retreat again,
While that he may diſſemble his own name.

ELEGIE X.

In this ſweet Elegie at laſt,
Ovid ſhews his life that's paſt.
Deſcribes his birth, and doth rehearſe,
How he took delight in verſe.

POſterity receive me with delight,
For it is I that once of Love did write.
Sulmo my country is were cold ſprings riſe,
And fifteen miles it from the City lies,
Here was I born, and as you know right well,
When both the Conſels by like fortune fell.
Beſides, I was heir to my Grand-father by right,
Not made a gentleman by fortunes might.
After my Brother I was born at laſt,
When twelve months from his birth was fully paſt.
And both of us were born upon one day,
On which two wafer cakes we us'd to pay.
Of thoſe five feaſts to *Pallas* memory,
This is the firſt which bloody us'd to be.
Forth-with we being young, by our Fathers care,
Did go to men in Art that famous were.

My Brother in ſweet eloquence did delight,
Being born in wrangling wars of Court to fight,
But I diviner poeſy did favour,
And my Muſe did entice me to her labour.
My Father ſaid, why art thou thus enclin'd?
Homer himſelf did leave no wealth behind.
Mov'd with his words, I left the Muſes well,
And unto writing proſe I ſtraight-way fell.
But then my lines would into numbers run,
And what I write would ſtraight a verſe become.
In the mean time, years in ſilence going on,
I and my brother took the freer gown.
The purple robes our ſhoulders now did cloath,
And in our firſt ſtudies we delighted both.
At twenty years my brother di'd, and then
To want part of my ſelf I firſt began.
The honours due to youth we both did take,
And of the three men I a part did make,
Being forc'd into the Senate at the length.
That burthen it was greater than my ſtrength,
My mind nor body could no pains abide,
And I did always ſhun ambitious pride.
The *Aonian* ſiſters bid me ſeek ſafe leiſure,
Wherein indeed I always took great pleaſure.
I lov'd and cheriſh'd Poets of that time,
For I did think the Poets mere divine.
Old *Macer* read to me in verſe, of Birds,
What hearbs are hurtful, and what heals affords.
Often *Propertius* did his love recite,
Join'd unto me even by acquaintance right.
Ponticus in Heroicks, *Ballus* in Iambicks rare,
Theſe two my ſweet companions always were.
And *Horaces* numbers did my ear delight,
While he ſmooth verſe unto the Harp doth ſtrike.
Virgil I only ſaw, and covetous fates
Tibullus from my friendſhip hence tranſlates.

He was *Gallus* succeſſor, *Propertius* followed him,
In courſe of time I was the fourth came in.
As I my elders, my youngers me renown,
And my *Thalia* ſoon abroad was known.
Twice was my beard cut, when I did rehearſe
Unto the people firſt my youthful verſe.
One call'd *Corinna* by a feigned name,
In praiſing her did exerciſe my vein.
Much did I write, but what I faulty deem'd,
I gave them to the fire for to amend.
And when I fled I burnt ſome things I lov'd,
For with my verſe and ſtudy I was mov'd.
A light occaſion would move my ſoft heart,
Which ſoon would be o'recome by *Cupid*'s Dart.
Yet with loves fire being quickly ſet on flame,
There was no ſcandal went under my name.
To me a boy, an unthrifty wife they aſſign,
Who was married to me but a little time.
My next wife though ſhe were without all blame,
Yet in my bed ſhe did not long remain.
My laſt abides theſe latter years, and can
Endure to be wife to a baniſht man.
My ſecond Daughter did two husbands take,
And twice a grand-father of me did make.
My father now his life even finiſht had,
While nine times four years he to mine did add.
I wept for him, as he would have done for me,
And then my Mother dyed preſently.
Happy and timely to the grave they went,
Becauſe they di'd before my baniſhment.
And I am happy, ſince while they did live
They had no cauſe at all for me to grieve.
If ought remain unto the dead but names,
And the thin Ghoſt do ſcape the Funeral flames;
If you my Parents hear ſome ſad report,
And that my faults are in the Stygian Court,

Know then (whom to deceive is not my intent)
Errour, nor wickedneſs caus'd my baniſhment.
Thus much to the dead, to you I now return,
That the actions of my life would fain diſcern,
Now whiteneſs, when my beſt years ſpended were,
Came on and mingl'd with my ancient haire.
The horſe-man with *Piſæan* Olive crown'd,
Hath ſince my birth got ten prizes renown'd,
When as the Emperors wrath doth me command
To *Tomos* which by *Euxine* Sea doth ſtand.
I need not ſhew the cauſe of my ſad fall,
Which is already two well known to all.
What ſhall I ſhew the treacherous intent
Of friends and ſervants, bad as baniſhment.
Yet my mind ſcorn'd to yield to grief at length,
And ſhewd her ſelf invincible in ſtrength.
And for geting of my quiet life, I than
To take arms in my unwonted hands began.
In more perils I by ſea and land have been,
Than ſtars between the ſhining Poles are ſeen.
At laſt I arrived at the *Getick* coaſt,
Joyn'd to *Sarmatia*, being with errors toſt.
Though noiſe of wars do round about me rage,
Yet by my verſe I did my grief aſſwage.
Though there be none that can my words receive,
Yet thus I do the day alone deceive.
In that I live and labour ſtill between,
And that the time doth not to me long ſeem.
Thanks Muſe to thee, for thou doſt yield relief,
Thou art the eaſe and medicine of my grief.
Thou art my guide, from *Iſter* me doſt bring,
And placeſt me in the *Heliconian* ſpring.
And haſt given me in my life time a great name,
Which after death is given ſtill by fame.
Envie which doth at preſent things repine,
Hath never bitten any work of mine.

Though

Though many Poets in this age forth came,
Yet fame was never envious to my name.
I prefer'd many who of me ſtill ſed
No leſs and through the world I ſhall be read.
If Poets any truth do propheſie,
I ſhall not all the earth when I do die.
If favour or my verſe gave me this fame,
Kind Reader I do thank thee for the ſame.

LIB. V. ELEGIE I.

He writeth here unto his friend,
To whom he doth this book commend.

THis Book which cometh from the *Getick* ſhore,
Add thou my friend unto the other four.
For this is like unto the Poets times,
And thou ſhalt find no ſweetneſs in my lines.
My verſe and fortune full of ſorrow be,
My matter with my writing doth agree:
Being happy, in a pleaſant vein I writ,
But now alaſs I do repent of it.
But when I fell, my ſad chance I proclaim,
And I my ſelf the Argument do frame,
Even as the Swan that on the banck doth lie,
Bewails her ſelf when ſhe is near to dye.
So I being caſt on the *Sarmatick* ſhoare,
My own ſad funeral do here deplore.
If any do in wanton verſe delight,
I adviſe him not to read what I do write,
Gallus and ſweet *Propertius* fitter be,
Whoſe names do flouriſh ſtill in memory,
And in their number would I might not fall,
Alaſs why hath my Muſe even ſpoke at all?

But

But now to *Scythia* for a punishment,
He that did write of quivered love is sent.
Yet I have bent my friends unto my vein,
And bid them to be mindful of my Name.
If some would know why I so much do sing
Of grief, ascribe it to my suffering,
We do not now compose with will and Art,
Sorrow doth to the matter wit impart.
How small a part of grief is in my verse!
He's happy that his sufferings can rehearse.
As shrubs in wood, or sands which *Tyber* gild,
Or the soft blades of grass in *Marses* field;
So many miseries do we now endure,
Of which my Muses are the only cure.
If thou ask when *Ovid* ends his weeping lines?
I answer, when I find more happy times.
She this complaint from a full spring affords,
They are not mine, but my mis-fortunes words.
If to me my Wife and Country thou restore,
I shall be merry as I was before.
If *Cæsar's* wrath to me become more mild,
I'll give thee verses that with mirth are fill'd.
Yet shall my writing not so jest again,
Though once it ran out in a wanton vein.
I'le sing what shall by *Cæsar* be approv'd,
If that I might be from the *Getes* remov'd.
Till then sad matter in my books shall be,
This pipe doth unto funerals agree.
But thou mayst say, 'twere better for to cover
Thy griefs, and strive in silence them to smother.
Thou wouldst have torments, yet no groans resound,
Thou bidst him not to weep that hath a wound.
In that Bull which *Perillus* once did frame,
Phaleris suffer'd them to roar and complain.
And *Priam's* tears, *Achilles* did not blame,
But thou more cruel wouldst my tears restrain.

When

When *Dian Niobe* did childleſs leave,
She did not bid her that ſhe ſhould not grieve.
'Tis ſomething by words to eaſe ſorrows vein,
Which maketh *Progne* always to complain,
This made *Pæantius* in a cold Cave lye,
Wearying the *Lemnian* rocks even with his cry.
Sorrow conceal'd doth choak and inward ſwell,
Reſtraint to gather ſtrength doth it compel.
Then pardon me, or leave my works even quite,
If they harm thee which do me much delight.
But yet they can be hurtful unto none,
Which only have their Author overthrown.
I confeſs they are ill, who bids thee take them then?
Or who forbids thee lay them down again.
Yet that they may be read at laſt of thee,
More barbarous then the place they cannot be.
Rome with her Poets ſhould not me compare.
Though 'mongſt the *Sauromates* I witty were.
Laſtly, I ſeek no glory to obtain,
Nor that which ſpurs up wit, aſpiring fame:
I would not have my mind to waſte with care,
Which ſtill breakes in, though they forbidden are.
This makes me write, but if you ask why I ſend
Theſe books, it is to viſit you my friend.

ELEGIE II.

He bids his wife not to fear,
To entreat Cæſar *that he would hear*
His caſe, and after be content,
To grant him milder baniſhment.

WHen a letter comes from *Pontus* art thou pale?
Why does thy hand in opening it even fail?
Fear not, I am well, my body which I long
Did ne're inure to pains, now groweth ſtrong.

And

And being vext, by uſe doth waxe more hard,
Or that to be ſick, time is now debar'd:
And yet my mind of ſtrength doth get no more,
My affections are the ſame they were before. (again
Thoſe wounds which I thought time would cloſe
As if they were new made put me to pain:
Time hath ſome power to heal a little croſs,
But greater ſorrows do by time grow worſe.
Pœantius ten whole years that wound did feed,
Which from the poyſoned ſnake did firſt proceed.
Let part then of my grief his wrath appeaſe,
And let him take ſome drops from the full ſeas.
Though he take off much, yet much remain ſtill ſhall,
Part of my puniſhment will be like to all.
As ſhells on ſhoar, or flowers on beds of Roſes,
Or as the grains which Poppy firſt diſcloſes.
As beaſts in woods, or fiſh in waters ſwims,
Or birds do beat the gentle air with wings:
So many are my griefs, and I as well
The drops of the *Icarian* Sea may tell.
Though I hide my dangers both by ſea and Land,
And how my life was ſought by every hand:
In the barbarous part of all the world I lie,
Which is encompoſs'd by the enemy.
Since my crime is not bloody, I ſhould be
Conveyed hence, if thou didſt care for me,
That God on whom the *Roman* power doth lee,
Hath been moſt milde unto the enemy.
Why do'ſt thou doubt? go and intreat for me,
Than *Cæſar* no man can more gentle be,
What ſhall I do if thou doſt me forſake?
And from the broken yoke thy neck doſt take,
And whence ſhall I ſome comfort now provide?
Since that my ſhip doth at no anchor ride.
He ſhall ſee, and to the Altar I will run,
The Altar which no hands at all doth ſhun.

I absent to the absent powers will speak,
If that a man to *Jove* his mind may break.
Thou Ruler of the Empire in whose safety,
The Gods do shew their care of *Italy*:
The glory and example of thy land,
Great as the world which thou dost command.
So well on earth, that heaven may thee desire,
And slowly to the proms'd stars aspire.
Spare me and take some thunder back again.
Enough of punishment will still remain.
Thy wrath is mild, thou grantest me to live,
And the right of a Citizen to me didst give.
Nor was my substance given away, and than,
Thy Edicts calls me not a banisht man.
All which I fear'd, cause I did thee incense,
But thy wrath was more mild than my offence,
To banish me to *Pontus* thou didst please,
While that my Ship did cut the *Scythian* Seas.
Thus sent, at the *Euxine* shores I landed straight,
Which under the cold Pole are scituate,
Nor with the cold air here more vext am I,
Nor hoary frosts which on the clouds doth lie:
Or that they are ignorant of the Latin tongue,
And *Grecian* speech by *Getick* is o'recome.
As that I am encompass'd round with war,
So that within the walls we scarce safe are:
Sometimes there's peace, but yet no trust therein,
We fear the wars until the wars begin.
So I remove may *Caribdis* me devour,
And send me down unto the *Stygian* power,
In *Ætna*'s scorching flame I'le burn with ease,
Or be thrown into the *Leucadian* seas.
For to be miserable I do not refuse,
But yet a safer misery I would chuse.

ELEGIE III.

To Bacchus *that he would but speak,*
To Cæsar *and for him entreat.*

BAcchus, this day the Poets keep to thee,
If in the time I not deceived bee.
Tying sweet garlands round about their head,
While much in praise of wine by them is said.
'Mongst whom while I was suffered by my fate,
I made up one, whom thou didst not then hate.
But now plac'd under the stars of the Bear,
Sarmatia holds me to the *Getes* so near.
I that did lead a life from labour free,
In my study on in the Muses company.
Now *Getick* weapons last on every hand,
Having suffered much before by sea and land.
Whether fate or angry Gods did this assign,
Or that the *Parcæ* frown'd at my birth-time?
Yet by thy power thou shouldst have helped me,
One of the adorers of thy Ivie tree.
Or can no God ever alter that decree,
Which once the fatal Ladies Prophetied?
Thou by desert in Heaven a seat dost hold,
And mad'st thy way through labours manifold?
Nor did thy Country always thee contain,
But to the *Getis* and snowy *Strymon* came,
To *Persis* and to *Ganges* wandring stream,
And all those waters *Indians* drink unclean.
The *Parcæ* that the fatal threads do spin,
To thee twice born, twice this decree did sing.
If I by the Example of the Gods may go,
A hard estate of life doth keep me low.
And in as heavy a manner as he fell,
Whom *Jove* for bragging did from *Thebes* expel.
When thou heardst thy Poet was thus thunder-struck,
For thy mothers sake some grief thou mightst have took.

And

And looking on thy Poets might'ſt ſay thus,
One here is wanting that much honour'd us.
Help *Baccus*, and may ſo a double vine
Burden the Elme, the grapes being full of wine.
So may the *Bacchæ* with the *Satyrs* be,
Ready to make an amazed cry to thee.
And may *Lycurgus* bones be hardly preſt,
And *Penthæus* ghoſt from torment never reſt.
So may thy wives clear crown within the ſky
Shine ever, and excel thoſe ſtars are nigh.
Come hither and help me in my ſad eſtate,
Remember I was one of thine of late.
The gods have one ſociety, ſtrive to encline
Great *Ceſar's* power by that ſame power of thine.
And you Poets that my fellow ſtudents be,
Take wine, and after pray the ſame for me.
And let ſome of you, when *Ovids* name he hears,
Set down the cup and mingle it with tears.
Saying when he doth all the reſt eſpy,
Where's *Ovid*, once one of our company?
Do this if my candor did deſerve your love,
Or if I ne're did any line reprove.
If while I reverence former men that writ,
I am held equal not beneath in wit:
If with *Apollo's* favour you would frame
A verſe, then keep among you ſtill my name.

ELEGIE VI.

This Letter here doth well deſery,
Ovid's *griefe and miſery,*
And it praiſeth much a friend,
That was conſtant to the end.

I *Ovids* Letter, from the *Euxine* Land
Am come, being tyred both by ſea and land:
Who weeping ſaid go thou and viſit *Rome*,
Thy ſtate is better than my fatal doom.

Weeping

Weeping he writ me, nor at his mouth would wet
The seal, which to his moist cheeks he did set.
If any one my cause of grief would know,
He wishes I the summ to him should show:
He sees no leaves in woods, in fields no grass,
Nor how the water in full streams doth pass.
He may ask why *Priam* griev'd for *Hectors* sake,
Why *Philoctates* groan'd, stung by a Snake.
Would the Gods would put him into such a state,
That he should have no cause to wail his fate:
Yet as he ought he endures his miseries,
Nor like a wild horse from his bridle flies:
He hopes that *Cæsars* wrath will not still last,
Knowing no wickedness in his faults that's past.
He calls to mind great *Cæsar's* clemency,
Which by himself he doth exemplifie.
For that he keeps his wealth, and still doth live,
And is a Citizen, all this he doth give.
Yet thee (if thou believ'st me) he doth beare,
Always in mind, and above all things dear,
His *Patroclus* and *Pylades* thou shalt be,
His *Theseus* and *Euridlus* he calls thee:
Nor doth he wish his Country more to see,
And those things which with it now absent be,
Than to see thy face, than hony sweeter still:
With which the *Attick* Bee the Hive doth fill.
Oft being sad, the time to mind he doth call,
And grieves that death did not prevent his fall.
When some my sudden misery did shun,
Nor to the threshold of my house would come:
He remembers thou most faithful didst remain,
If any two or three a few do name.
And though amazed he did then perceive,
That thou as much as he himself didst grieve.
Thy words and sighs he usually declares,
And how his bosome was wet with thy tears.

Of

Of which he says he will be mindful ever,
Whether he see day, or the earth him cover.
He would swear ever by his head and chine,
Which as his own he esteemed at that time.
He shall return thy love full thanks again,
Nor shall thy Oxen plough the shore in vain.
Defend a banish'd man, I ask what he
Himself doth not ask, that hath well known thee.

ELEGIE V.

His wives birth he doth celebrate,
And pray she may be fortunate.

MY Wives birth-day due honour doth expect,
My hands do not those holy rites neglect.
Thus *Ulysses* in the farthest part of all
The world, did keep a solemn festival.
Let now my tongue forget past griefs again,
Which I fear hath forgot good words to frame.
That garment which I once a year do take,
To wear being white, and unlike to my fate.
And a green Altar shall of turf be made,
And a garland bound about the Altar laid.
Boy giving me incense making a fat flame,
And wine that in the fire may hiss again.
Birth-day I wish that thou may still come here,
Prosperous and unlike to mine appear.
If any ill-fate hover o're my wife,
Let me endure it in my wretched life.
And let my ship bruis'd with a grievous storme,
Sail on her way through safe seas without harm.
In her house and country let her take delight,
'Tis enough that these are taken from my sight.
Though in her husband she unhappy be,
Let her other part of life from clouds be free.
May she live and love her absent husband now,
And spend those latter years which fates allow.

And mine too, but I fear my fate would give
Some infection to those years which she doth live.
Nothing is certain, for who'd think that I,
Should 'mongst the *Getes* keep this solemnity?
Look how the wind towards *Italy* now drives
The smoak, that from the incense doth arise.
There is sense in the clouds, which fire doth show,
But what it doth portend I do not know.
When those brothers once did sacrificing stand,
Who after were slain by each others hand;
In two parts the black flame did upward go,
As if it were by them commanded so,
I remember once I said it could not be,
And *Chalimachus* was not believ'd of me:
Now I believe, since thou wise smoak do'st bend
For the North, and towards *Italy* do'st ascend.
This is the Day, which if it had not been,
No feast-day had of wretched me been seen:
This day brought vertues that most equal were,
To those same men whose fames did shine most clear.
Chastity and constancy with her were born,
But no joyes began upon that day forelorn.
But labour, cares, and sad adversity,
And like a widdow all alone to lie:
Yet goodness by adversity is try'd,
And prais'd that doth in hardest times abide.
Had *Ulysses* seen no trouble in his days,
Penelope had been happy without praise.
Evadne had slain in the earth unknown,
If her husband conquerour from *Thebes* had come.
Of *Pelias* Daughters one is prais'd by fame,
Because she married an unhappy man.
Had another first gone on the *Trojan* shore,
Of *Laodamia* we should hear no more;
And that affection had been still unknown,
If that a fair wind in my sails had blown.

You

You Gods, and *Cæsar*, which to you shall go
When he hath liv'd out *Nestors* years below,
Spare not me, who do punishment receive,
But her that doth unworthily now grieve.

ELEGIE VI.

Here he doth entreat his friend,
Not to leave him in the end.

THou that wert once the hope of my affairs,
A refuge and a haven to my cares,
Dost thou forget thy friend in misery?
That pious office dost thou now lay by?
My burden thou should'st not have undergone,
If in this time thou would'st have laid it down.
Palinurus thou in the sea dost leave my bark,
Fly not, but be thou faithful in thy Art.
Autamedon in the battle never fled,
Nor left *Achilles* horse unmanaged.
Podalius whom he took to cure, would still
Give him that help he promis'd by his skill.
Better not take, than to thrust forth a guest,
Let my hand on thy Altar firmly rest
To maintain me at first thou did'st intend,
Me and thy judgment do thou now defend.
If that there be no new offence of mine,
To make thee change thy faith for any crime.
My breath which I in *Scythia* fetch so slow,
I wish may first out of my body go,
E're any fault of mine thy breast do move,
Or that I seem less worthy of thy love.
We are not so by unjust fates opprest,
That length of misery should disturb my breast.
Suppose it were, how often did *Orestes*,
Speak froward words against his *Pilades*.
Nay it is true that he did strike his friend,
Yet in friendship he continued to the end.

In this the wretched with the rich are even,
That unto both much flattery is given.
We give the way unto the blind, and those (cloaths.
Who were fear'd, because they wear the purple
You should spare my fortune though they spare not
There is no place now angry for to be. (me,
Chuse the least sorrow which I do sustain,
'Tis more than that whereof thou dost complain.
As ditches hidden are with many a read,
Or as the Bees which do on *Hybla* feed.
Or like those grains which by the Ants are found,
And in a small path carried under ground.
Even such a troop of sorrows compass me,
Believe me, my complaint might greater be.
He that is not content herewith, may pour
Water to the Sea, or sands unto the shore.
Therefore thy unseasonable rage appease,
Nor leave my sails in the midst of the Seas.

ELEGIE VII.

His misery he here repeats,
With the manners and habits of the Getes.

THis letter which thou readst, from hence did come
Where *Ister* into the green sea doth run.
If thou enjoy'st thy life and sweetest health,
I shall be fortunate in that my self.
Doubtless dear friend thou ackest how I do?
Which though I silent were, yet thou mayst know.
I am wretched, this my summe of grief doth give,
Who e're offendeth *Cæsar* so shall live.
If thou wouldst know the people of this region,
Of *Tomos*, and their manners and condition.
Though *Getes* and *Gratians* here do spread it o're,
This land of rugged *Getes* containeth more.
The *Sarmatians* and the *Getes* continually,
In troops upon their Horses do pass by.

'Mongst which there's none but bears his bow in shew,
And Arrows which with vipers blood look blew.
A wild voice, fierce look, death's truest shape they have,
And then their hair and beard they never shave.
They are ready with a knife to give a wound,
Which ever salvage by his side hath bound:
With these he lives, who of you will mindful be,
Thy Poet (Friend) doth these both hear and see.
And may he live and in this place he're die,
That my ghost from this hated place may fly.
Thou writ'st my verse in Theaters is sung,
And that a loud applause to them is rung.
Thou know'st I have done nothing in stage-ways,
Nor is my muse ambitious of applause.
Yet I like it that my memory they retain,
And of a banish'd man keep up the name: (came,
Though when I think what hurt once from them
I curse my Muses, and my verse again:
And having curs'd, I cannot them forsake,
Those weapons bloudied in my wounds I take.
The ship torn with *Eubœan* waves, yet after
Dares freely sail in the *Carpharian* water.
Yet I labour not for praise, nor take I care
To get a name, which better unknown were.
With study I delight my mind, and try,
To delude my sorrows and my cares thereby.
What should I do on this same desart shore?
What other help for grief can I implore?
The place it self is unpleasant unto me,
And nothing in the world can sadder be.
The men are scarcely worthy of that name,
More cruelty than wolves they do retain.
They fear no laws, the right doth yield to wrong,
The Laws are by the warlike sword o're-come.
To keep off cold, they skins and mantles weare,
And their grim faces are hid with long haire.

To some of them some little Greek is found,
Which is made barbarous by the *Getick* sound.
Amongst these people there is scarce one man,
That render common words in Latin can.
I a *Roman* Poet (pardon me I pray,
You Muses) speak in the *Sarmatick* way.
I am asham'd, yet through disuse I find
That Latine words come slowly to my mind.
And many barbarous words this book deface,
Which is no fault of mine, but of the place.
Yet that I may the Latin tongue not use,
And that I may still keep my voice in use,
Those unused words unto my self I speak,
And to studious colours I retreat:
Thus I draw on the time, and my self bring,
From the contemplation of my suffering.
By verse I seek to forget my miseries,
If I get this by study it doth suffice.

ELEGIE VIII.

To inveigh against one he doth begin, who had railed first at him.

THough I am fallen, yet I'm above thee,
Than which there's nothing can inferiour be,
What makes thee, wicked man, to stomach me?
Insulting in that which may hap to thee.
Cannot my miseries make thee soft and mild? (wild.
For which the beasts would weep though they are
Fear'st thou not fortune on a globe that stands,
Nor yet that hated Goddesses commands?
Rhamnusia will on thee revenged be,
Because thou tread'st upon my misery.
I have seen a shipwrack and men cast away,
Yet that the water was just ne're did say.
Who once deni'd the poor some broken meat,
Is glad himself of begged bread to eat.

Fortune

Fortune doth rove with an unconstant pace,
And ne're remaineth certain in one place:
Now she is merry, then sullen by and by,
And constant only in inconstancy.
We flourisht once but soon that flower did fade,
And this our sudden blaze of straw was made:
Yet lest thou cruelly rejoyce in vain,
I have some hope to please the Gods again.
My fault is not wicked, though it merit blame;
And envy is wanting to encrease my shame.
Besides, from sun-rising till he down doth go,
The world a milder man can never show.
And though he cannot be o'recome by strength,
Intreaty makes his heart grow soft at length.
And like the Gods to whom he shall give laws,
Will pardon me, and give more than I crave.
If you count the fair and foul days in my story,
You shall find the day hath of late been clear,
Then, least thou joy in my ruine any more,
Think *Cæsar* may me once again restore.
Think that the Prince appeas'd, it may come to pass,
That in the City thou mai'st see my face.
And see thee banisht for a worse fault than this,
Which is the next unto my former wish.

ELEGIE IX.

He shews why his friend he dare not name,
Or mention him for fear of blame.

IF thou wouldst let thy name be in my verse,
How often then should I thy name rehearse?
For thou the subject of my song should'st be,
And each leaf of my book should mention thee.
My love to thee through the City should be spread,
If banisht, I am in the City read.
The present age and letter should know thee.
If that my writings bear antiquity.

And the learned Reader praise to thee should give.
And be honour'd while that I thy Poem live:
'Tis *Cæsar's* gift that we do breath this air:
After the Gods, thanks unto thee due are.
He gave me life and thou dost it maintain,
That so I may enjoy that gift again.
Some were dismay'd my ruin for to see,
And some dismayed were for company.
And behold my ship-wrack from some hill on land,
And to me swimming would not reach their hand.
Thou call'st me half dead from the *Stygian* water,
And mad'st me to remember this hereafter.
May the Gods and *Cæsar* still be friends to thee,
My prayer cannot any larger be.
These things in my witty books I would have brought
To light, if thou the same had'st fitting thought.
Now though commanded for to hold her peace,
My Muse from naming thee can hardly cease.
As the couples cannot hold the striving hound,
When he the footing of the Dear hath found,
As the fierce horse with heels and head doth beat,
On the List-gates till they be open set.
So my *Thalia* shut in and enclos'd,
To name thee though forbidden is disposed,
Yet lest a friends love hurt thee any way,
Fear not I will thy own commands obey.
Because thou think'st that I do think on thee,
Since thou forbid'st not, I will thankful be.
And while this life preserving light I view,
My soul shall always serve and honour you.

ELEGIE X.

He complains that he three years had spent in Pontus in sad banishment.

SInce we came to *Pontus* *Ister* twice was froze,
And thrice the *Euxine* sea even hardned grows.

But yet as many years they seem to me,
As *Troy* was under the *Greek* enemy.
Time seems to stand so slowly it goes on,
The year most slackly doth his journey run.
Nor doth the Solstice from night take away,
Nor the winter never shortneth the day.
With us the natures of things changed are,
Which lengthens all things equal to my care.
Or doth the time his wonted course go on,
And only seem long unto me alone?
While the *Euxine* shore so called by a false name,
But more truly *Scythia*, doth me contain.
Fierce wars the Nations round about doth threaten,
Who think their living is by stealth well gotten.
Nothing without is safe, the hill is fortifi'd
With walls, and the nature of the place beside.
The foe like a shoal of birds comes in,
And drives away the booty e're he's seen.
Sometimes their darts in the streets we gather up,
Which do fly o're the walls the gates being shut.
If any one to plough the earth is bold,
One hand the plough, the other armes doth hold.
The Shepheard with an helmet, pipes on's reed,
And stead of Wolves, the sheep the wars do dread.
The Castle scarce defends us, wherein we fear,
'Cause the *Salvages* with the *Græcians* mixed are,
The *Barbarian* here with us doth dwell most free,
And the most houses by him possessed be.
Whom though you fear not, their looks hateful are,
Their bodies covered with skins and long hair.
Those which from *Greece* are thought to be deriv'd,
Their bodys with the *Persian* flop doth hide.
They use the commerce of a neighbour tongue,
By gesture each thing is to me made known.
For I am understood by none of them,
And the dull *Getes* the Latin words contemn.

They

They ſpeak ill of me while that I am preſent,
And do object to me my baniſhment.
And they do think ill of me oſtentimes,
When while they ſpeak I anſwer them by ſignes.
And injuſtice is more cruel than the ſword,
Some in the Court with wounds are often goar'd.
Hard *Lachesis* thou gav'ſt too long a thred
Of life to me, under an ill ſtar bred.
That my Countries ſight, and friends I now do want,
And thus in *Scythia* do make my complaint.
Both grievous are, I have deſerv'd from *Rome*
To be baniſht, not to ſuch a place to come.
What ſpeak I madly? I deſerv'd to die,
When I offended *Cæſars* Majeſty.

ELEGIE XI.

To his wife 'cauſe ſome did her defame,
And call her wife to a baniſh'd man.

THy Letter which thou ſendſt me doth complain,
That ſome one call'd thee wife to a baniſht man.
I griev'd not that my life is ill ſpoke by,
Who now have us'd to ſuffer valiantly:
But that I am a cauſe of ſhame to thee,
And I think thou bluſheſt at my miſery.
Endure, thou haſt ſuffered more even for my ſake,
When the Princes wrath me from thee firſt did take.
He's deceiv'd who calleth me a baniſh'd man,
My fault a gentler puniſhment did attain.
Our ſhip though broke is not o'rewhelm'd or drown'd,
It bears up ſtill though it no Port hath found.
My life, my wealth, my right he doth not take,
Which I deſerv'd to loſe for my faults ſake.
To offend him was a puniſhment far more,
I wiſh my funeral hour had gone before.
But becauſe no wickedneſs was in my fault,
To baniſh me he only fitteſt thought.

As

As to those whose numbers cannot reckon'd be,
So *Cæsar's* Majesty was mild to me.
Therefore my verses by right as they may,
O *Cæsar*, do sing forth thy praise alway.
I beseech the Gods to shut up Heavens Gate,
And let thee be a God on earth in state.
But thou that call'st me thus a banisht man,
Encrease not my sorrow with a feigned name.

ELEGIE XII.

To his friends who wish'd him to delight Himself, while he did verses write.

THou writ'st that I should pass the time away
With study, least my mind with rust decay.
'Tis hard (my friend) verse is a merry taske,
And it a quiet mind doth always aske.
Our fate is droven by an adverse wind,
No chance more sad than mine can be assign'd.
Thou wouldst have *Priam* at his sons death jest,
And *Niobe* dance as it were at a feast.
Ought I to study or else to lament?
That alone unto the farthest *Getis* am sent.
Give me a breast with so much strength sustain'd,
Such as *Anytus* had, as it is fam'd.
So great a weight would sink his wit at length,
Joves anger is above all human strength.
That old man which *Apollo* wise did call,
In such a case would not have wit at all.
Though I forget my Country and my self,
And have no sense at all of my lost wealth:
To do my office fear doth me forbid,
Being compass'd in with foes on every side.
Besides, my vein grows dull being rusted o're,
And now it is far lesser than before.
The field if that it be not daily till'd,
Will nothing else but thornes, and knot-grass yield.

The

The Horſe having long ſtood ſtill will badly run;
And be laſt of thoſe that from the Liſts do come.
The boat that hath long out of water been,
Grows rotten and the chinks thereof are ſeen.
Then hope not I that had an humble vein;
Can e're return like to my ſelf again.
My wit by my long ſuffering is decay'd,
And part of my former vigour now doth fade.
Sometimes my Tables in my hand I take,
And I my words to run in feet would make.
I can write no verſes but ſuch as you do ſee,
Fitting the place and their Authors miſery.
And laſtly, glory gives ſtrength to a ſtrain,
And love of praiſe, doth make a fruitful vein.
I was allur'd with hope of fame before,
While as a proſperous wind my ſails out-bore:
But now in glory I take not delight,
I had rather be unknown if that I might.
Becauſe that ſome at firſt my verſe did like,
Would'ſt thou have me therefore proceed to write?
May I ſpeak it with your leave you ſiſters nine,
You chiefly caus'd this baniſhment of mine.
As the maker of the Bull in it did ſmart,
So I am alſo puniſht by my Art.
And now with verſe I ought for to have done,
And being ſhipwrack'd I the ſea ſhould ſhun,
Suppoſe that ſtudy I ſhould again aſſay,
This place is unfit for verſes any way.
Here are no Books, not none to lend an ear,
Nor none can underſtand me if they hear.
All places here both rude and wild are found,
And filled with the fearful *Getick* ſound.
I have forgot in Latin for to ſpeak,
And I have learnt the language of the *Gete*.
Yea to ſpeak truth, I cannot ſo reſtrain,
My Muſe but ſometime ſhe a verſe will frame.

I write, and then I burn those books again.
And thus my study endeth in a flame.
I cannot make a verse, nor do desire,
Which makes me put my labour in the fire.
No part of my invention to you came,
But that which was stole or snatch'd from the flame.
And would that Art too had been burnt for me,
Which brought the Authour unto misery!

ELEGIE XIII.

Here he doth accuse his friend,
Because he did no letters send.

FRom the *Getick* Land thy *Ovid* sends thee health,
If one can send what he doth want himself.
For my mind from my body infected is,
Lest any part of me should torment miss.
A pain in my side me many days doth hold,
Which I had gotten by the winters cold.
If thou art well, then we in part are well,
For thou didst under-prop me when I fell.
Thou gav'st me many pledges of thy heart,
And did'st defend me still in every part.
'Tis thy fault that Letters thou dost seldome send,
Thou perform'st deeds, deny'st words to thy friend.
Pray mend this fault, which if you shall correct,
In thee alone there will be no defect.
I would accuse thee more, but it may be,
Thy Letter being sent came not to me.
May this complaint of mine seem rash and hot,
May I falsely think that thou hast me forgot.
Which as I pray for, I am sure to find,
For I can ne're believe thou hast chang'd thy mind.
Gray worm-wood shall in the cold sea be scant,
And *Sycilian Hybla* shall sweet honey want.
E're thou in remembring of thy friend grow slack,
The threads fure of my face are not so black.

And

And that thou may'ſt avoid ſo foul a crime,
What thou art not, be ware thou do not ſeem.
And as we were wont to paſs the time away,
With ſome diſcourſe, till we had ſpent the day,
Let Letters carry and fetch back our words,
While hands and Paper tongues to us affords.
But leaſt I ſeem too diſtruſtful for to be,
And that theſe few lines may admoniſh thee.
Take my Farewel, which word doth Letters end,
And may fortune better fates unto thee ſend.

ELEGIE XIV.

Ovid ſhews his wife that for,
Shall by his books immortal be.

WHat a memorial my books give to thee? (ſee.
Thou Wife more dearer than my ſelf man'ſt
Though fortune from their Author do detract,
Yet by my wit thy fame ſhall be exact.
While I am read, thy fame ſhall too be read,
Which cannot in the Funeral fire lie dead:
And though thou ſeem'ſt unhappy by my fate,
Yet ſome ſhall wiſh to be in thy eſtate:
Who 'cauſe thou bear'ſt part of my miſery,
May call thee happy, and may envy thee.
By giving riches thou no more hadſt got, (nought.
Since the rich-mans ghoſt from thence doth carry
But I have given thee fame that ſtill ſhall laſt,
The greateſt gift that I could give thou haſt.
And 'cauſe thou doſt defend me in my trouble,
This maketh honour come upon thee double.
For that my voice doth ever mention thee,
Thy husbands love may ſtill thy glory be.
And leſt ſome call thee raſh, abide to the end,
Both me and thy faith ſee that thou defend:

For while we ſtood, thou only didſt maintain,
Thy goodneſs free from any fault or blame,
Which is not ruin'd by this fault of mine.
Thy vertue now may make thy works to ſhine.
'Tis eaſie to be good, when we remove
All occaſions that may make wives not to love.
But in thunder if the ſhower ſhe do not ſhun,
Such affection doth true marriage-love become.
Rare is that love which fortune doth not guide,
But when ſhe flies away doth firm abide.
If vertue a reward to any be,
Shewing moſt courage in adverſity.
Thy vertue in no age ſhall be conceal'd,
But through the world admired and reveal'd.
Thou ſeeſt *Penelope* doth ſtill retain,
For conſtancy an unextinguiſh'd name.
Admetus and brave *Hectors* wife are ſung,
And *Hiphias* wife that into fire did run.
The *Phylacean* wife by fame new life hath found,
Whoſe husband firſt ſet foot on *Trojan* ground:
I do not need thy death, ſhew love to me.
And thence thou ſhalt get fame moſt eaſily.
Nor think I exhort thee, 'cauſe that thou doſt fail,
Though the ſhip go with oares, we put on ſail.
He that exhorts, doth praiſe what thou doſt do,
And by exhorting doth his liking ſhow.

FINIS.

For while we stood, thou only didst maintain,
Thy goodness free from any fault or blame,
Which is not ruin'd by this fault of mine.
Thy vertue now may make thy works to shine.
'Tis easie to be good, when we remove
All occasions that may make wives not to love.
But in thunder if the shower she do not shun,
Such affection doth true marriage love become:
Rare is that love which fortune doth not guide,
But when she flies away doth firm abide.
If vertue a reward to any be,
Shewing most courage in adversity.
Thy vertue in no age shall be conceal'd,
Eneithrough the world admired and reveal'd.
Thou seest *Penelope* doth still remain,
For constancy an unextinguish'd name.
Admirans and brave *Hiesars* wife are sung,
And *Hipbrip* wife that into fire did run.
The *Phylaceae* wife by fame new life hath found,
Whose husband first set foot on *Tajan* ground:
I do not need thy death, shew love to me.
And thence thou shalt get fame most easily.
Nor think I exhort thee, 'cause that thou dost fail,
Though the ship go with cares, we put on sail.
He that exhorts, doth praise what thou dost do,
And by exhorting doth his liking show.

FINIS.